The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XIX | New York, Saturday, June 7, 1919 | Number 240

Contents

Editorial Notes 162

Leading Editorials
- The German Counter-Proposals 165
- Restoring Order in Russia 167
- Joy Among the Philistines 169
- Preliminary to Housing Reform 170
- To What End Mr. Baker? 171

General Articles
- Prophet and Politician ..... Walter Weyl 173
- Mr. Creevey ..... Lytton Strachey 178
- The Musicale: To A. H. (Verse) ..... R. M. Coates 180
- The A. F. of L. Moves Forward ..... Charles Merz 181
- The Laborer's Turn ..... Alvin Johnson 183

Correspondence 185

Books and Things ..... P. L. 187

Reviews of Books
- Mr. Wells in the Pulpit ..... F. H. 188
- The American Indian ..... Edward Sapir 189
- The Allies in China ..... M. A. 191
- The Making of Novels ..... M. A. 191

SO far the world knows only in briefest outline the political, territorial and military terms imposed on one of the partners of what was Austria-Hungary. The new states made out of the ruins—Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slovakia, Poland and Greater Rumania—will have their frontiers completed only when the Hungarian treaty is made. For each of them is assembled out of territory belonging to both members of the Dual Monarchy. The published summary does confirm three facts of great significance for future peace—the forced independence of the new Austria—the annexation of large numbers of German-speaking people by Czecho-Slovakia and Italy. In each case nationality is violated for strategic reasons. It is the French who object to the union of Austria with Germany; it is Italy which demands the mountain crest of the Tyrol, and Czecho-Slovakia the Bohemian ridges. The Conference recognized the danger created by these alien minorities in imposing guaranties, though it is evident that none have been imposed upon Italy. There is here a measure of justice in the complaint of the small Allied states that their sovereignty is impaired because they are small, and not simply because they have alien minorities within their borders.

THE doctrine of the Great Powers' responsibility for justice and peace is nevertheless a genuine advance, and does in certain respects take some of the curse off the reactionary influence of Article X. The peace of Central Europe would be almost hopeless if ten or a dozen small ambitious states with dubious boundaries were to be protected in their "sovereignty" and permitted to oppress minorities for their own convenience. Yet the theory enunciated by Mr. Wilson on behalf of the Big Four will rise to plague them. England, for example, simply cannot pose before Europe as the protector of minorities while Ireland is where she now is. Nor can France, after the intrigue of her generals in trying to dismember the Rhine provinces. Nor Italy after her treatment of the Greeks in the Dodecanese. Nor Japan after Korea and Shantung. Nor the United States, perhaps, while Negroes are lynched. Until the Powers set their own houses in order, their doctrine of intervention can all too easily become an engine of intrigue as the bloody history of the Balkans shows.

AMERICANS should watch the settlement of Central Europe anxiously. In dealing with Germany there is a human justification for allowing passion to obscure reason. Not here. For this tangled centre of Europe is now one of the world's greatest sources of war. It is in respect to this area that Article X. is of most significance.

A LONG step is at last being taken toward converting European insecurities into European securities. The Foreign Finance Corporation proposed by Senator Owen might be altered in detail but it is an appropriate response to Mr. Vanderlip's recent speech in New York, and it is a response on the grand scale. Mr. Vanderlip did not disguise to the Economic Club his conviction of pressing European necessity. He was fresh from hideous realities and he used fresh colors. The bill proposed by Senator Owen creates a corporation directed to the task in hand. Not only to feed Europe and put the people there on a quicker productive basis, but also to steady the market for American surplus and to protect earlier loans, this corporation is projected on the basis of European securities. Under the terms of the bill, the public would take one-half of the bonds, the banks one-quarter and the government one-quarter. The extension of such credit on long time and in sufficient amount would go far to promote re-employment. Everywhere it would help lend at least enough energy to crank the machine. And re-employment is the beginning of rehabilitation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH one minor concession the Council of Four rejects all counter-proposals for the disposition of the Saar Valley. The concession deals with the method of Germany's payment for the mines, in case the plebiscite goes against France. Clemenceau's reply to Brockdorff-Rantzau is the first official admission that reparation for damaged mines in northern France is not the true reason for the decision made in the Saar. Clemenceau says that an offer to make good the deficiency of coal in any other way "cannot be accepted." "I must explain that the Allied and Associated Governments have chosen this particular form of reparation because it was felt that the destruction of the mines in the north of France was an act of such nature that a definite and exemplary retribution should be exacted; this object would not be attained by the mere supply of a specified or unspecified amount of coal."

CRITICISM of the treaty with Germany comes, each week, from fresh sources. An appeal signed by the Bishop of Oxford, H. G. Wells, John Masefield and other English men and women has been published in London, urging reconsideration of the terms of peace on the ground that they violate Mr. Wilson's Points. The appeal brands the treaty as a breach of faith with a beaten enemy, and declares that a peace which reduces Germany to the position of a subject nation can never serve as the basis for an enduring League of Nations.

SWITZERLAND like Denmark is disinclined to accept territory that does not belong to her. Both of these small nations are suspicious of territory taken away from the Central Powers for strategic reasons by the Allies and added to them, perhaps to escape the indemnity, by vote of the populations concerned. There are no purer democracies in the world than Denmark and Switzerland, and no better examples of the ultimate commonsense and justice on which real peace must rest. One can almost measure the democracy of a people by the moderation of its claims. Poland, with an aristocratic clerical oligarchy in control, demands territory including millions of aliens. Rumania, with a ruling class as corrupt as any in Europe, has an endless appetite. Jugoslavia, basically a peasant democracy, shows moderation. Czechoslovakia, semi-democratic, is only semi-extravagant. It is the real democracies like Denmark and Switzerland that offer not only words, but deeds, for the instruction of the world.

A STATEMENT recently published in the American press indicated that the Russian cooperative societies had recognized the Kolchak government at Omsk. This statement, however, was signed only by the New York representatives of four unions, two of which have no more than local importance. The American Agent of the Moscow Narodny Bank, representing one of the most important cooperative organizations, now points out that the recognition of Kolchak does not come from the twenty million cooperative members in Russia. The cooperatives are essentially non-political, and will, he says, continue their efforts to keep Russia living—whether it is Kolchak, Lenin, Germany, the Allies or any other force that governs Russia.

IF humane people want a striking example of why many who are convinced anti-Bolshevists yet refuse to credit every atrocity and insist on keeping their heads in the whole business, they will find it in the Jewish pogroms in Poland, Lithuania and White Russia. The apology made for these massacres is that the victims were Bolsheviki, and this is supposed to be an excuse for murdering them. But if once it is established that the murder of Bolsheviki is desirable, all you have to do to excuse the murder of people you don't like is to call them Bolsheviki. At Pinsk the victims were middle class Jews. To excuse their murder one calls them Bolsheviki, and that is the whitewash. By the same process unscrupulous agitators in this country are attempting now to apply the charge of Bolshevism to those men and women who dare to disagree with them. The lynching spirit always begins by arguing about "the crime." It always ends by murdering the innocent.

AMERICANS should note the utter obscurity in which the Turkish business proceeds. An iron censorship and a rigid propaganda are the barred windows through which Americans are supposed to learn about a political situation for which they may be asked to accept a mandate. Whatever might be said in apology for secrecy in arranging a treaty with Germany, secrecy as to Turkey is nothing but brutal imperialism seeking cover. The quality of the motives involved may be guessed at by the news that the Sultan is to be maintained in Constantinople at the request of the Mohammedan princes of India. No mention has yet been made of those financial interests in France and England which throughout the war have had such curiously tender feelings for the integrity of what is absolutely the worst empire on earth.

MEETINGS in Trafalgar Square and demonstrations before the House of Commons are signs of continuing unrest in London. The immediate cause is unemployment. Of four million soldiers, sailors and civilian workers who have lost war jobs since the armistice, a million have been unable to find new places. It is a serious matter for any nation to have so many workers unemployed. But on top of the unemployment there are certain political issues, not yet settled, which are causing trouble. The Triple Alliance of railway men, coal miners and transport workers has issued an ultimatum to the government. The unions demand immediate abolition of conscription, withdrawal of troops from Russia, immediate lifting of the blockade against Germany, release of all conscientious objectors still in prison, and the raising of exemption under the income tax to $1,200. As leader of the House of Commons Mr. Bonar Law declares that these demands cannot be met. And to the unions' hint of a general strike he replies that the government will call upon troops and police "if the authority of the State is challenged."

IN Mexico Villa is again active. He has proclaimed as president General Felipe Angeles, a representative of the French Government in the United States during the war. He is reported to be menacing Carranza's control throughout Chihuahua. There is no doubt but that the association

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of General Angeles with the northern revolutionaries has given the Villa movement a seriousness it has not had before. It is important for Americans to discover how much real strength is behind Villa and Angeles; and whether they owe support to backers living outside the territory they control.

AFTER many declarations of their determination the Progressive Republicans in the Senate collapsed, and the Old Guard leaders walked securely into the places of power. Penrose, Warren, Lodge and Smoot all took the seats assigned them by the stand-patters. The Progressives were defeated, but they had little help from the Republican party. They had no encouragement from either the National Committee or the National Chairman—though these powers will very likely begin before long to advertise the Republican party as a party of progress. The leaders dodged the issue, as they dodged it three years ago. That time their dodging lost an election. This time they have again stood by and let the Progressives fight their own fight, which was equivalent to letting them sink unheeded.

HOW indifferent the Old Guard is to conciliating the Progressives is shown in the choice of committee chairmen. The men who have ordinarily been classed as Progressives are Cummins, Kenyon, Johnson, Capper, McCormick, Jones (of Washington), Norris, Lenroot, McNary, LaFollette and Borah. Of these men, only Cummins and Kenyon received an important chairmanship—Interstate Commerce, and Education and Labor, respectively—and these posts they won by virtue of the seniority rule. The other Progressives came off badly. McCormick and Capper received chairmanships of committees to audit expenses. Lenroot, LaFollette, McNary and Jones did about equally well. Norris was given the Committee on Patents. Johnson gains the high post of Chairman of the Committee on Cuban Relations. And Borah becomes Chairman of the Committee on Interoceanic Canals, which has scarcely had a meeting since the last idea of an interoceanic canal was abandoned.

COMMITTEES in the Senate to which we shall look for the most critical decisions during the next few years are those on Foreign Relations, Finance, Military Affairs, Interstate Commerce, Appropriations and Judiciary. These six committees have a total of sixty members. And of the sixty, thirteen are Progressives. From this point of view the Progressives come off considerably better. For they have one place in five—though their proportion in the total membership of the Senate is only one in nine. The great fault in the present partition of committee places comes in the case of the Committee on Finance. To that Committee we must look for future tax bills; and among its members there is but one Progressive—La Follette. His colleagues are eight of the Senate's most sturdy stand-patters: Penrose, Smoot, Watson, McCumber, McLean, Calder, Curtis and Sutherland.

ADDRESSING a meeting of the state legislative committee in New York City, Mr. Frank L. Dowling, President of Manhattan Borough, came out against libraries. "Take the Carnegie libraries," he said. "I believe that the city put up the land and Carnegie the buildings. We spent hundreds of thousands and millions for that work, and what does the work do in the long run? Men go into the libraries, read themselves to death, and then they come out and try to upset the Government."

MANY people who have found Mr. Dowling's suggestion amusing are, in their own way, devotees of the same scheme of avoiding inconvenience by stopping thought. In Congress, for instance, there are active advocates of a permanent, peace-time or war-time ban on free speech and the rights of free assemblage. Various members of Congress are preparing new Espionage acts. It is freedom of thought, they say, which encourages revolution. That is just the point that Mr. Dowling makes. People who think this way do not consider whether a government that cannot be preserved with freedom of thought is actually worth preserving.

THIS question of new espionage laws was brought up at a labor meeting held last week in Pittsburgh. It was not a meeting of radicals, but of the responsible heads of twenty-four great unions, like the Mine Workers and Switchmen, which have been established for many years. The President of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor was addressing the meeting. "In drafting espionage laws," he said, "the legislators say they want to protect us workingmen from the I. W. W. and the Bolsheviki." His audience laughed. "Let me tell you," he continued, "that when many people say they want to strike at Bolshevism, what they really mean is that they want to strike at us." And his audience applauded.

IN Canada the danger of more serious strikes does not yet seem to be averted. Strikes reported as settled continue to break out afresh, in the same community or one nearby. The cause of the first great strike, in Winnipeg, was a refusal of several employers to recognize the unions. Labor in Winnipeg has had as its leader a Methodist minister—a pacifist, yet a leader who has had the backing of the local War Veterans' Association. From Winnipeg the strike has spread steadily westward. Of the situation all through western Canada we have had little real news. The strikes have spread with astonishing rapidity. It is impossible to tell how far that is due to general discontent, and how far it is due to a new solidarity of labor; it is equally impossible to be sure what the Minister of Labor means when he says the strikes are part of a general move "to establish Soviet rule in Canada."

A TYPICAL report from Canada is that sent to the New York Times from Saskatoon on Tuesday of last week. It announced that by a vote of five to one the Saskatoon unions had determined upon a sympathetic strike. It said that the telegraph operators, teamsters and postal workers would strike, and that the civic employees and powerhouse workers would not. But there was not a word to tell what the sympathetic strike was about. This is the sort of news we have had all along. We have been told of extraordinary

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things—of whole industries tied up, of direct defials of the government, of strike committees controlling the administrative machinery of different communities; but with anything resembling an explanation few reporters seem able or willing to deal.

MR. HINES has accepted bids for two hundred thousand tons of steel rails, but accepted them under protest. Six companies submitted bids. All six were identical; and the figures were those which had previously been agreed upon by the steel companies and the Industrial Board of the Department of Commerce. When the Industrial Board proposed these rates Mr. Hines rejected them. The Board resigned. But Mr. Hines was forced to accept the bids when the companies made them, because he could wait no longer for his rails. The steel interests, under the leadership of the United States Steel Corporation, seem determined to keep prices at an inflated level, with a good chance of their rising instead of falling, as the demands for reconstruction work become heavier.

THE Mayor's Committee of Women on Reconstruction and Relief reports that in the schools of New York City there are 247,000 children either on double shift or part time. A few years ago the number was 87,000. That is, almost three times as many children in our greatest city are now receiving a part-time education. Is this what is meant by an "Americanization campaign"?

THE American Red Cross announces that upon his resignation as Third Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Frederick Keppel will become its new director of foreign activities. Mr. Keppel has an excellent record of two years' service in the War Department. He is a genuinely democratic executive whose contribution to the activities of the Red Cross is certain to be an able one.

AFTER a short strike the Garment Workers' Union in New York has won the concessions it asked of the Manufacturers' Protective Association. The Manufacturers have conceded a 44-hour week, a weekly system of wages in place of piece-work payment, and a wage scale advanced in ratio to the importance of the work performed by the different trades in the industry. These concessions mean an end to many sweat-shops. Against independent manufacturers, who have not met the Union's demands, the strike continues.

NOT many people will remember the seven followers of "Pastor Russell" who were given prison sentences of twenty years, last June, for obstructing the draft. A few days ago these men were set free, and their sentences annulled, by the United States Circuit Court. "The defendants in this case," said the court, "did not have the temperate, impartial trial to which they were entitled, and for that reason the judgment is reversed." It is impossible not to think that there are many men and women still in jail, to whose cases this same truth applies.

SEVERAL hundred biologists, pathologists and other research workers in the government Departments in Washington have voted to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. They are joining a union because the advantages of organization have been demonstrated to them at first hand.

CAN a woman live on a weekly wage of $9.60? A new report of the Department of Labor gives that as the average pay for women at work as candy-makers—except that in the dull season the average is $5.62. The dull season is a long one. Nearly half of the women workers are laid off every summer. Are disgracefully low wages and a long period of unemployment unavoidable in the candy industry? The average value of each worker's output is $3000 a year. Better conditions are certainly obtainable if the workers can be organized.

The German Counter-Proposals

IT is the business of the representatives of America and the Allies to make a sound peace. That means a peace which, within the limits circumscribed by international good faith, shall satisfy in the highest possible measure the just demands of the Allied peoples for immediate reparations and for future security. Nobody, so far as we know, alleges that the terms that have been submitted to Germany fulfilled these requirements. They went beyond the limits of international good faith, in openly repudiating the promises given to the enemy at the time of the armistice negotiations, but that fact has not greatly disturbed those who have never taken seriously the necessity of invoking international morality against our own cupidities as well as against the enemy. And we have many citizens in that state of one-sided moral development. Where the Allied peace terms chiefly sinned in the eyes of the practical man was in the substitution of sentimental penalties upon Germany for substantial gains to the rest of the world. The result was a treaty that might be signed but never would or could be executed. That such was the character of the treaty was freely admitted on both sides. A marvellous corner-stone for the edifice of international peace!

But perhaps the Allied terms were intended chiefly to elicit from Germany a definite statement of the best she could actually do. "Your neck is in the halter: what can you do to make it worth our while to let you escape?" Whether that was the intent or not, that was the effect. In the German counter-proposals we have the beginnings of a practical negotiation. It is only the beginnings. The Germans have not actually come up to their maximum. But they have not dared to meet the exaggerated demands of the Allies with equally exaggerated terms on their own side. It is therefore possible to build up an enforcible peace on the foundation of the German offer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let us look first to the question of indemnities. The Allied terms were animated by a punitive spirit. They sought permanently to cripple Germany and only incidentally to repair the damages suffered by France, Belgium and England. Accordingly there was no limit to the moral obligation imposed upon Germany, short of the total cost of the war, and the immediate obligation for specific items of loss might be anything up to fifty billions. Why is it that in the volume of approval of the treaty as a hard treaty and Germany's just desert the voices of the great financiers of New York, London and Paris have been silent? Because they recognize that an unlimited financial obligation is practically valueless. A fifty billion dollar indemnity may hurt Germany but it cannot help France or Belgium or England. What those countries need is indemnity paper acceptable in international payments directly or as collateral for their own paper. That is a very vital need. Our European Allies are stripped of raw materials; they have nothing to export and they cannot produce anything for export until they have supplied themselves with materials and set their industry in motion. Credit is essential to their recuperation and it is in their power to secure credit on the basis of the German indemnity, provided that indemnity is gauged according to ability to pay. A twenty-five billion indemnity is payable; a fifty billion is not. The first is all substance, the second all shadow, so far as its effect on credit is concerned.

The Germans propose an indemnity up to twenty-five billions. That sum is probably more than sufficient to cover all the items of damage specified in the armistice agreement. But the German proposal as to the manner of payment involves an evasion of the prime object of a non-punitive indemnity. That is to place purchasing power immediately in the hands of the beneficiary. Now, the Germans propose to pay five billion dollars by May 1926 and the balance of fifteen billions thereafter in annual payments, without interest. It is elementary that a long term obligation without interest must pass current at a heavy discount. Germany acknowledges a non-interest bearing debt of uncertain term of the nominal value of twenty-five billions: current value of that obligation is probably less than twelve and a half billions. That is too little, and it is the business of the Allied negotiators to mend the terms. The principle ought to be to fix the indemnity at a figure that will not exceed Germany's ability to pay it, with interest from the date of the signing of the peace. Better fifteen billions on such terms than twenty-five on the terms the Germans offer.

The Germans agree to impose upon themselves taxes equal to the heaviest borne by any Allied country. That is necessary to give credit to the indemnity obligation. But there is an additional means of increasing the credit of that obligation, which the Allies might properly impose upon Germany. That is to make the principle of taxation equality retroactive for the period of the war. The British paid one-third of the cost of the war by taxation; the Germans paid practically all of it through bond issues. The German debt is one-third greater than it would have been if the Germans had followed the British plan. It would therefore be entirely reasonable to require Germany to cancel one-third of that debt. That would relieve the budget of interest on twelve billion dollars and contribute materially to the security behind the indemnity.

As to the territorial clauses of the German counter-proposals, they represent nothing that could not be granted without prejudice to any legitimate Allied interest. It is of the essence of a sound settlement that no non-German districts ought to be left under the German flag without the consent of the people, and no German district ceded to another state without the consent of the people. It is no profit to any state to hold an unwilling population in subjection. Therefore the plebiscite ought to be applied, under proper safeguards, to every section of territory with mixed population Germany is required to cede.

The German demand that the former German colonies be restored to Germany under a mandate from the League is inadmissible, because it implies that the mandatory Power is to enjoy special benefits similar to those enjoyed by imperial Powers under the old order. But the demand would serve a useful function if it led to a reconsideration of the conditions under which mandates are being distributed. Are they in fact given and accepted in a spirit of trusteeship, or as loot? If the spirit of loot still appears in them, there is an important work of revision incumbent upon the peace makers, if permanent peace is really their object.

The German counter-proposals offer positive proof that it will be possible to establish a peace which will satisfy the practical claims of the enemies of Germany and at the same time command Germany's consent—a peace involving the complete disarmament of Germany, her acceptance of international control of shipping, her acquiescence in the works of reparations. The Peace Conference can now take advantage of the leverage they have gained to make a peace that can last. It is hard to believe that the Conferece will act on the assumption that all its earlier determinations, however impractical and disturbing to the peace, must stand.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Restoring Order in Russia

ARE the recurrent reports from Paris that the Kolchak regime is to be recognized an intimation of secret official determinations, or are they, as the Times elegantly phrases it, merely "trial balloons?" We are safest perhaps in assuming the latter. Action on Russia hitherto has always followed a long period of premature reports. But action has followed, and it has corresponded closely with the reports. We may recall the history of the intervention decision of last summer. For weeks prior to the reaching of an actual decision, the press was full of confident assertions. President Wilson, it was freely asserted, had agreed to the French and British project, although at the time the President was still irrevocably opposed. To be sure, he consented in the end. Some months later the press reported that it had been agreed that the promise of the Allies not to mix in Russian domestic politics was to be interpreted so broadly as to permit the Allies to furnish the guns and munitions with which one Russian faction might kill off another. There was in fact no agreement; the President was still irrevocably opposed. He must have consented in the end, however, for that is exactly the role the Allied Powers are now playing in Russia, and our troops have not been peremptorily ordered home.

In Russian policy President Wilson has counted hitherto merely as a factor of retardation. He has delayed the execution of decisions reached by France and England, but he has not blocked them nor sensibly modified them. And so when it becomes clear, as is now the case, that the French and British have a definite plan for the recognition of Kolchak, while we need not treat the matter as a fait accompli we have sound reason for examining the merits of that plan.

What is proposed is the recognition of the Kolchak government, not merely as a de facto authority within the territory it controls, but as the potential government of the greater part of Russia. The recognition is to depend upon the acceptance of certain conditions. Such as are published are designed to conciliate the popular sentiment in favor of self-determination and democracy. Kolchak will be required to recognize the independence of Finland and Poland and come to an amicable arrangement with other governments in the territories of the former Russian empire. He must also agree that as soon as he reaches Moscow he will hold elections for a constituent assembly, or if conditions are too disturbed for this, he will convoke the former constituent assembly. That seems fair and democratic, does it not? But let us reserve judgment for a moment, until we have considered the conditions that have not been made public and will not be made public in this era of "open diplomacy." For by this time even the most trusting among us must realize that every agreement coming out of Paris contains, along with provisions it is expedient to make public, a secret annex that only the diplomatically initiate may look upon. In the case of the Kolchak agreement there will doubtless be conditions as to how relentlessly he must press his offensive with the arms and ammunition to be supplied by us. There will be conditions as to the condign punishment of Bolshevik leaders. There may also be measures of a humanitarian character. Kolchak's record for mercy will not inspire confidence in anyone who has read the history of the death train as published by the Red Cross Magazine.

The Allied governments can not be so lacking in insight into Russian affairs as to be altogether unconscious of the risk that the triumph of Kolchak may be marked by slaughters that will wash the Red Terror white. What can take place under the conservative reaction has been exhibited on a lesser scale in Finland, where the Red Terror is forgotten in the excesses of the White. But even if the Allied governments look with complacency upon the prospect of a White Terror, they can not be indifferent to the fate that is likely to befall the Jews. Whether Kolchak is anti-Semitic or not is a question still not satisfactorily answered by the available evidence, but there is no doubt at all that the anti-Semitic forces of Russia are grouped around Kolchak. The knavish propaganda carried on in this country for the purpose of fastening the excesses of Bolshevism upon the Jews has its more undiscriminating counterpart in the territories under Kolchak's sway. There will be few cities in Bolshevik Russia which will not need scapegoats when Kolchak arrives. Woe to the Jews, unless the Allied governments are more alert to the danger than they were in the case of Poland.

There must also be secret conditions relating to property interests. The Japanese interests in Eastern Siberia will have to be validated, and no doubt the other Powers have compensatory concessions staked out somewhere. The Russian business men and landowners who have attached themselves to Kolchak will certainly not be left out in the cold. Perhaps we may deduce the essential economic conditions Kolchak will accept from the conditions the French sought to impose upon the Ukraine as the price of such support as is now offered to Kolchak. Those conditions, as made public by the Ukrainian National Committee, included French control (apparently temporary) of the railways, the finances, the administration and the diplomacy of the Ukrainian state. They also included

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indemnity to the large landowners as a preliminary to agrarian reform. Kolchak will not be required to do the impossible: undo the distribution of lands. But either the peasants will have to pay for them directly or the landowners will have to be compensated out of the public treasury—supported by the profits of vodka, Kolchak's best source of revenue.

The exact meaning of the expressed condition of self-determination for the sections of Russia that now have governments unrelated to that of Kolchak remains obscure. Transcaspia and Transcaucasia have such governments, and they are under British military and diplomatic influence. The World, whose insight into such matters is usually acute, has pointed out that this might create two buffer states that would be very convenient if Russia should again become imperialistic. This is a suspicious circumstance, but it is hardly worth while to waste much attention on it, since it matters very little what becomes of the nomadic non-Russian peoples of the Caspian region as compared with what becomes of the mass of the people of Great Russia. And the fate of these appears to be safeguarded by the provision for the election of a new constituent assembly or the convoking of the old.

Will Kolchak actually hold elections for a new constituent assembly? Hardly. For it is as certain as anything in human affairs that conditions in Russia will remain much disturbed long after Kolchak gets to Moscow. Kolchak, having abundant food in a land of starvation and abundant ammunition in the midst of an unarmed people has managed to keep order in a limited district on both slopes of the Urals. He maintains nominal order through a chain of stations extending eastward through Siberia and connecting with the territory where order is more effectively maintained by the Japanese. But it is pure propaganda to assert that Kolchak controls all Siberia. Horvath is not the only reactionary chief in Siberia who defies Kolchak when he pleases. Besides, Bolshevism is constantly emerging, now at one point, now at another. It is not absent from Kolchak's own army, raised by conscription and held together by fear of the firing squad. The Bolshevik army facing Kolchak is, to be sure, equally a conscript army, as badly demoralized by the presence of secret partisans of Kolchak as Kolchak's army is demoralized by the presence of Bolsheviki. So much can be inferred from the derisively inconclusive military engagements of recent months. Now, one or the other of these mixed and mutinous forces may prevail, nominally, but the result cannot be the kind of order in which honest elections can be held.

But there is the old constituent assembly whose convoking will meet the requirements of democracy! Will it? How many of the original delegates will meet? The Bolsheviki, it is alleged, have put many of them to death. Kolchak, it is more credibly alleged, has also put many to death—nine in one bag, not to mention isolated executions. What is certainly known is that Kolchak has not hesitated to consign to jail the representatives of the constituent assembly when they interfered with the effectiveness of his dictatorship. Will he release his prisoners to help determine the future constitution of Russia?

That is, however, a minor consideration. The major consideration is, how many of the delegates who have reconciled themselves to the Bolsheviki or have remained quiescent under Bolshevik rule will be admitted to the assembly? None, although they are a majority of the surviving membership. There will be doubtful cases besides; indeed, in Russia most cases of every kind seem to be doubtful. Kolchak will have to use his judgment in excluding them. Perhaps such a hand-picked assembly will set itself against Kolchak's desire for a restoration of the monarchy. It is time for a miracle of this kind to happen. We have had so many thistles from figs; one fig from a thistle would not come amiss.

Because our governments agree that Bolshevist rule is chaos, they are planning to substitute for it the chaos of Kolchak rule. That substitution can not be effected without the slaughter of hosts of men, and we are tired of killing; all we will consent to do is to hand up the cartridges. We flatter ourselves that to human eyes, blinded with the dust of propaganda, our hands will appear clean and we say to ourselves confidently that honesty and honor are empty sounds, and that a just God is a myth. Very confidently we must say this to ourselves as we observe the endlessly unrolling scroll of the innocents whom our blockade is killing. The simple mathematics of higher policy, we comment loftily. The Bolsheviki must be starved. Being in power, they feed themselves first of all. Therefore we must make haste to starve those who stand between the Bolsheviki and their fate; old and young, male and female, let them be destroyed.

But what else is there to do about it? At least we could apply common sense to the problem and recognize that the solution does not consist in backing one kind of chaos against another, but in building up the popular base of Russian life wherever we can get access to it. The masses of Russia, the humble people who ask not for this political regime nor that but for bread and life are not a driven herd but an organized body, organized on the plane of everyday economics. They have their cooperative societies, with twenty million members, who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with their families make up a hundred million souls. Those societies lived and prospered under the Tsar, who detested them, under the Lvoff and Kerensky revolutions, which favored them, under the Bolsheviki who tried to suppress them and under Kolchak, who views them with disdain. They are tenacious of life as the native herbs that shoot up through the mold undaunted by successive plowings. One shop may be closed, one agent imprisoned, but another shop is opened and the agent's successor is already named. If anything is produced anywhere the cooperatives get it and distribute it. They are asking us now for only one thing, relax the blockade and permit them to buy with their own good money, with their own surplus materials, the objects of necessity for want of which their members are perishing. But higher policy replies "No!"

Higher policy; but a human and rational policy would give a very different reply. It would recognize that neither Kolchak nor Lenin will establish an honest democratic order in a starving and disorganized Russia. It would recognize that the first step toward Russian regeneration is the building up of the economic life of the masses, through the supply of necessities and the encouragement of production. Every project of central government will remain utopian until the cellular tissues of economic life are revitalized. The cooperative societies are the only possible means of bringing the blood of life to those tissues. They are fully prepared to do the work that all the premiers and presidents, though wise as serpents and though angels of good will could not possibly do themselves. But the premiers and the presidents reiterate stonily: "Let the people die; thus will Kolchak restore order in Russia."

Joy Among the Philistines

THE American people having no material advantages they desire from the Treaty of Versailles, do nevertheless desire that two things shall result from it: first, that a nation which breaks faith and commits aggression shall be given such exemplary punishment that others will be deterred from repeating the crime; second, that a tolerably stable settlement shall be made in which the peaceful reconstruction of the world can be attempted. Let us examine the first point, that of making an example out of Germany.

The guilt of the war rests primarily on Germany. It rests there in spite of the treacherous behavior of certain Russian officials, because it lay within the power of the German government to arrest the diplomatic landslide of July 1914 and to work with Sir Edward Grey if not for the prevention of the war, at least for the localization of it. The guilt is plain. Now the question is how that guilt may be written in history so that the consequences are evident to all men.

During the war the theory of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. James Beck and others was this: the guilt lies first of all upon the ruling classes. The humbler people of Germany share that guilt in so far as they support it. The German people must therefore either overthrow their guilty rulers, or they must share destruction with them. This distinction between "government" and "people" derives not only from the incontestable fact that the Germany of the Hohenzollerns was a class government, but from the very shrewd belief that the hope of future peace depends upon teaching nations that they must themselves disavow the policy of their governments when that policy leads to aggression. No greater moral principle could have been established for the world than that a people refuses to support its government when that government is wrong. It was this principle that the President set out to fix in the minds of men when he reiterated in every speech that we were at war with the German government, not with the German people.

But what lesson does the treaty teach? It teaches that a defeated nation suffers great misfortune. It teaches that a defeated democracy suffers no less than a defeated autocracy. It teaches that revolution even against a guilty government produces merely weakness that is less able to resist the execution of the consequences of defeat. Bluntly it teaches, not that crime has its penalties, but that defeat is something to be avoided. Thus it reinforces the cynical conclusion that no matter how evil the policy into which a people is seduced, coerced, or misled, the only practical thing to do is to stick it out to the bitter end and try to win the war, or at least avoid defeat.

But it teaches another thing, even more sinister. It reveals the fact that the publication of moral principles and high doctrines by the victorious Powers is not the recognition of a moral law but the use of morality as propaganda to undermine the fighting spirit of the enemy. Morality becomes a ruse de guerre, a weapon of the conflict, not a standard and a sanction. The Chicago Evening Post remarks that in consequence there is joy among the Philistines. We do not share its view of the Philistines' sense of honor, nor, we may add, this conception of the spiritual tradition of America. In that tradition the things men look to with reverence are those moments which reveal a people lifted out of the rut of vengeance and intrigue. It is the high magnanimity of Lincoln, not the regime of the carpet baggers that one wishes to remember; it is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the return of the Boxer indemnity, and the new life given to Cuba and the Philippines. It is by such episodes as these that the title of a nation to the love and respect of mankind is earned. It is because of these that a suffering world listened without cynicism to the words of Mr. Wilson. And in the matter of the peace which concluded the supreme conflict of modern history men had a right to look for a supreme vindication of the principle that the right which the victors had proclaimed was greater than their might.

Lincoln was murdered before he could conclude his task, and infinitely smaller men made a peace which poisoned the unity of the American people for nearly half a century. Wilson for lack of courage and knowledge and administrative capacity has yielded to a settlement which means a Europe of wars and revolution and agony. "There is joy among the Philistines." Bien. They are entitled to their laugh. They were right about Mr. Wilson. We were wrong. We hoped and lost. They did not hope and did not lose.

Was it foolish to hope? There were others besides the Philistines who did not hope. The extreme Left had no hopes either. It prophesied that the ideology of Mr. Wilson would prove to be ineffectual, and therefore refused to support the war. The Left also did not hope, and has not lost. In fact it is pretty confident that it has gained, for the failure of the governments at Paris opens up to it a dazzling vista of social revolution. It believes that the greatest obstacle to its programme is discredited. For its immediate war is not, as frantic conservatives imagine, against the royalists, reactionaries and imperialists, but against the progressives and liberals who work loyally within the existing social order in order to make it too decent to justify the revolution. Mr. William D. Haywood once remarked after studying the "protocol" in the garment trades of New York City that the creator of that protocol, Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, was the most dangerous man in the United States. Exactly thus does Lenin feel about Social Revolutionists and Mensheviks.

Those who supported Wilson put their trust in a Kerensky at a time when the dominant spirits of the world were those of Ludendorff and Lenin. Temporarily at least they have lost, and the men who hope for nothing and the men who hope for everything are for the moment unembarrassed by a centre party of moderates and liberals. But the conflict is not over, for the stake is the peace of the world secured against violence and disorder. We must learn what we can from our mistakes. And the first lesson is that it is a mistake to isolate a man's virtues from his defects. It leads to disappointment and joy among the Philistines.

Preliminary to Housing Reform

HOW long must our American cities suffer under the shortage of housing and the attendant evils of overcrowding and rent profiteering? Until building operations have been renewed on a scale beyond precedent. For there is not only the arrearage of war time to be made good, but provision must be made for an accelerated movement of population to the larger cities. The experiences of mobilization and war service, while they may impel a few city men to seek their fortunes in quiet villages or in the open country, have excited in hosts of young men from the country the desire to try their luck in the city. It will be years before we shall have statistical data for measuring the relative strength of these opposing tendencies, but no one who has examined the effect of past wars on the movement of population will doubt that the tendency toward concentration will prevail. One is driven to this conclusion even if he does not take account of the fact that we appear to be entering upon a great boom in industry and commerce. And a boom always makes itself first felt in the larger cities and yields in those cities its greatest effects.

There is a vast work for the builders. The demand for their services is pressing and it will become more pressing. On what are they waiting, then? They are waiting for more abundant capital, and that they will soon get. The saving power generated by the war will continue by the law of inertia to operate after demobilization has reduced government expenditures to a normal level. We shall have abundant new capital for every undertaking that promises profit. The builders are also waiting for materials to sink to prices that can be maintained. There is a natural hesitation in putting together high priced materials in a form that must yield most of its return in the years of normal prices that are to come. The house built today at high costs will have to compete ultimately with houses built at low costs. But building materials may be expected to come down to a practicable level in the near future. May we not then soon hope for progress toward housing our people?

Let us not be too sanguine. We shall have the capital; we shall have labor enough, and materials not too high, but there remains another factor to reckon with, the land to build on. To be sure, we are endowed by nature with all the land we need, even in the most congested sections. Within the limits of Greater New York there is room for a population of eight millions, allowing an acre for every ten families. But that is scarcely more than a village density. There is room for thirty millions more within easy commuting distance. There is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

room, but alas, there is a price upon it, a price always high enough to discourage the majority from leaving the congested centre. When overcrowding becomes intolerable, population does indeed move toward the remoter zones, but the price of land rises to meet it. It comes more than half way, in fact.

Just as soon as our approaching building boom gets under way the prices of unimproved land will rise to a new level. That is elementary. The more vigorous the boom, the higher will be the speculative value of building sites. If materials decline, the land will rise to take up the slack. Let the state or federal government make provision for cheap loans to men who desire to erect houses for themselves, the ground owner will slip in and appropriate most of the gain through a higher price for lots. Let the city construct rapid transit routes, making accessible new unimproved areas; the landowner will raise the price of access until the advantages and disadvantages of removing to such areas just about balance.

If you think this statement is extreme, you can easily test it. Take any commuter's train from any station in the city where you live and travel for as long a time as you can afford to spend daily in going to your business. Then inquire about the price of building sites. You will find that it is high enough so that there is no inducement but the air to draw you out of the city, and if the air is very good, it will figure as a concealed extra in the price of lots.

It is true that some men are drawn toward the limits of the urban area by the hope that values will advance. But when one man is moved by hope of prices of land that will rise higher, ten are deterred by prices of land that are already too high. The result is that all around every large city there is a broad zone of unimproved land, much more than adequate for the comfortable housing of a vast population, every acre of which is held at a price that drives away prospective home owners. The city's population remains packed tier above tier, to the great gain of the rent profiteers and to the greater prejudice of the public health.

Have we not suffered from this condition long enough to be prepared for measures to remove it, especially since we do not need to invent such measures but can borrow them from other cities just as Anglo-Saxon in their traditions as any American city? The problem is after all very simple. Make it less profitable to hold urban land for a rise in value, as the cities of western Canada have done. Levy a tax upon the unimproved value of all land within a city's limits. It would not need to be so high as to deprive the landowner of present values. It ought to be high enough to check further increase in land values. We would not confiscate existing values, as the Single Taxers propose, because we do not believe in revising the rules of a game and making the new rules retroactive. But for the future the new rule ought to apply: no profit for the man who holds good building land under burdocks and ragweed while the children of the city grow pale and anemic in cramped tenements.

Tax the unimproved value of land sufficiently to make it an investment to avoid. In normal times, when the demand for land is slack, the rate might be low; in boom times the rate ought to be high enough to create an active movement of land out of the hands of the speculative holder and into the hands of the improver. Such a tax, resting generally upon land, would solve the general problem of congestion of population. There are special cases that it would not cover, such as the extraordinary increase in value where public improvements are nearing completion. These can be reached by an unearned increment tax, such as is in operation in Great Britain. No one will question the justice of appropriating all such increase of value through taxation. Neither is its practicability anywhere in question.

If we grapple with and solve the problem of rising land values we can somehow solve our housing problem. Private capital can provide adequate housing at a moderate rate if it is not forced to pay excessive tribute to the speculative landowner. The government could provide cheap housing, if it chose, without throwing a part of the burden upon the taxpayer. There would be a profit in extending transportation lines into new territory, because the cheapness of the land would attract sufficient population to make the transportation lines pay.

Defeat the land speculator and we can make our cities fit to live in. Leave him in a position to raise a toll barrier across every path of urban expansion and all projects for better and cheaper housing are bound to prove a disappointment and a source of disillusion.

To What End, Mr. Baker?

THE President has begun the housecleaning valiantly, with his proposal that war time prohibition be discontinued and his announcement that the wires and the railways will return to private management before the end of the year. Wall Street is easier in mind about the future of stocks and bonds, and, other things equal, it is good for Wall Street to be easy in mind. But there are other rooms in our house that need to be cleared of war paraphernalia. The Espionage law, for example,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has certainly no more reason for remaining on the statute books than war time prohibition. And there is infinitely less reason for keeping the conscientious objectors out of their liberty than the railway owners out of their property. We do not know whether the future policy of the nation will countenance private ownership of railways. After they have been returned to private hands there will remain a strong sentiment for restoring them to government operation. We do know that the policy of the nation will not countenance the indefinite imprisonment of the conscientious objectors under sentences that were never meant to be more than a deterrent in the war emergency. If the conscientious objectors had already been set free only the negligible minority of the congenitally malevolent would dream of reincarcerating them. Everybody else would be happy to have done with the problem and to forget about this one item in our war policy out of which we gained no credit among liberal peoples.

Why did not the President touch upon the problem of amnesty to the conscientious objectors? Perhaps because discretion in the matter rests with the War department. Why then does not the War department act? It is not waiting for further information. All the cases, we must assume, have been examined, catalogued, classified. We must assume that the War department knows that if it was justified months ago in releasing some of the conscientious objectors, it would be more fully justified in releasing the rest of them now when the whole nation is eager to return to a peace footing, to attack the problems of peace with minds freed from the hangover of war. It may be that the cases disposed of earlier were more flagrant cases than those remaining. There could not have been a difference so great as to justify the difference of treatment. That difference is wide as the seas: liberty for the one class, continued imprisonment for the other, with all the disciplinary horrors of solitary confinement, mass drenchings with fire hose and what not.

There is an impression widely prevalent that the War department fails to act, not because it does not recognize the cruelty and futility of keeping the conscientious objectors in prison, but because it is afraid that the enemies of the administration will make capital out of its alleged leniency to an unpopular class of prisoners. There was in fact an embarrassing outcry when the first groups of conscientious objectors were released. Mostly it rose from the men who would have seized upon any pretext whatsoever to attack a Democratic War department. In part, however, it was the natural result of a feeling that this one class of military offenders should not receive more favorable treatment than other classes serving long sentences for offences that in time of peace are counted trivial.

A large proportion of the long sentences of other military offenders have since been revised. The charge of discrimination in favor of conscientious objectors would not now be valid. Their immediate release would produce dissatisfaction only among those who rejoice in being dissatisfied. But suppose it were otherwise, and a large public clamored to have the conscientious objectors rot in jail. Would Mr. Baker be governed by this clamor rather than by his own sense of justice?

It is difficult to believe this. Mr. Baker, like all men who conduct the public business successfully, understands the necessity of compromise. He knows that on occasion the minor interest must be sacrificed to the major, even though the minor interest involve considerations of justice and humanity. He was justified in making many compromises when the end in view was the concentration of all the nation's forces for the winning of the war. But the war has been won, and what other end is there which would justify keeping scores and hundreds of men in jail month after month contrary to every reasonable public intention? Mr. Baker is above a petty concern for the fortunes of the Democratic party; if the party were in so weak a position that it could be seriously damaged by criticism directed against the common sense disposal of the conscientious objector problem, Mr. Baker would feel it small loss if the party went down in defeat. He is not a professional politician, to whom political power is the biggest thing in life. Why, then, does he delay action? Is it mere inertia? But men are being held out of their liberty; they are being denied the opportunity to share in the work of the world, and never was there more work to do. To what great end, Mr. Baker?

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1919, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — FRANCIS HACKETT
PHILIP LITTELL — ALVIN JOHNSON
WALTER E. WEYL — WALTER LIPPMANN
CHARLES MERZ
SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prophet and Politician

> "Good thoughts (though God accept them) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act."
>
> Of Great Place by Francis Bacon.

AS week after week I watched with painful interest the gradual decline at Paris of President Wilson and foresaw his impending fall, I thought increasingly of the similar discomfiture of that autocratic democrat, Alexander the First of Russia, at the Congress of Vienna and after. No comparison or assimilation of the two men can be quite fair to either. Alexander was more vain, more suspicious, more sentimental than is the President and upon his thin and grandiose imagination a schemer or fanatic might write his will. Mr. Wilson's mind is clearer and his will firmer. On the other hand, the Tsar's democratic principles, acquired in his youth, were more robust than is Mr. Wilson's liberalism, which is a slimmer accumulation of middle age. Like Mr. Wilson, Alexander represented the least spent and most influential nation at the Congress, but living in the infancy of democratic government he had no strong group sentiment to which to appeal. Moreover he was beset by shrewder opponents than was Mr. Wilson for there was no Castlereagh at Paris and no Talleyrand or Metternich. Like the President, however, the Tsar surrendered point by point, not knowing that he surrendered, and in the end proved as false to the teachings of La Harpe as Mr. Wilson to the mandate of the world's liberals. Striving for a virtuous and pious Europe at peace, he closed his career by fastening upon his own country and upon Europe the most intolerable of reactionary régimes.

It is easy to denounce the Tsar but it is quite beyond the mark. After a century we now see that he could not have built his imposing Federation of Europe, lacking both brick and straw. It is equally futile to upbraid the President who, a generation from now, may be thought of as a straw dyke carried away by the flood, and his failure ascribed to the set of these over-powering currents rather than to his own weaknesses and obscurities. But these weaknesses force upon us nevertheless a psychological and ethical problem, for Mr. Wilson's failure was a poignant moral failure, involving everything in the man that held our respect. I do not seek to praise or blame but to understand; to measure the failure in terms of character; to gauge the man and his method by the nature even more than by the extent of his failure.

It was not hypocrisy that caused Mr. Wilson to preach the gospel of simple honesty between nations and then write a new Brest-Litovsk. Nothing is further from his record both at home and abroad. Nor did he have any ulterior purpose or unworthy intention. The failings, to which his defeat was due, were on a different plane. He was, as we shall later see, over-confident—too sure of his ability to match his mind against the best minds of Europe. He was ill prepared and ill informed. He grew confused and lost his perception of what could, and what could not, be done. He was stubborn when he should have been open-minded, vacillating when he should have been decided. These are not intentional, nor indeed grave sins, but rather the errors of a man who has stumbled into a false position. Indeed from the first he had grossly misconceived his mission to Europe. He had thought of himself as the censor of a treaty to be presented to him, as the detached judge. That treaty he had conceived, moreover, as a necessary deduction from an agreed-on set of principles, like the conclusions of the geometer which grew logically out of simple axioms. Mr. Wilson went to Paris like some medieval Doctor of Theology, with his theses written down on stiff parchment, ready to meet the other good doctors in fair and leisurely argument. Instead of Doctors of Divinity it was hand-to-mouth diplomats whom he met,—men no worse than their calling—who greeted him kindly and then reverently laid his neat theses on the table under the map of Europe which was being sliced up. These diplomats, though smaller, were cleverer than the President, and they were playing their own game with their own cards. In this candle-light game Mr. Wilson had as much real chance as poor Moses Primrose with the reverend-looking man in the tent. Mr. Wilson left for Paris with the best wares ever brought to market, with economic power, military power and the prestige of disinterestedness; he comes back with empty pockets and a gross of green spectacles.

That sounds as though he were a dupe, but the word is too strong. He himself at rare intervals saw the drift of events and perhaps foresaw his own discomfiture, and no doubt bitterly repented his initial errors, made on his sole responsibility, which were leading him to decisions he abhorred. In his over-confidence he had bound, gagged and delivered himself. He had agreed to secret covenants of peace because that was the convenient as well as the orthodox mode of diplomacy, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had given up his chief weapon—the appeal over the heads of diplomatists to the world. Perhaps he did not quite realize the nature of the environment he was thus creating nor its inevitable effect upon himself. Around that cynical table, where the treaty was patched together bit by bit, his Fourteen Points, which had aroused nations to enthusiasm, must have seemed pale and unreal, and I imagine that Mr. Wilson, sitting there alone, was a little ashamed, as Isaac Newton might have been had he written a popular ballad. Idealism was hardly "good form" in that intimate group of four.

To his apparent surprise, moreover, he discovered that his own "points" could be turned against their inventor. The Italians, though demanding the letter of their greedy pact with the Allies, also demanded, in set Wilsonian phrase, full Self-Determination for the people of Fiume. The imperialists learned to quote the new Scripture to their purpose. But did Mr. Wilson not foresee this? Did he believe that principles interpreted and enforced themselves? His courteous opponents understood the importance of interpretation. Let anyone lay down the principles—Mr. Wilson, the President of Liberia, or even the Kaiser—if only *they* might apply them.

This simple faith of Mr. Wilson in his Fourteen Points, unexplained and unelaborated, was due, I believe, to the invincible abstractness of his mind. He seems to see the world in abstractions. To him railroad cars are not railroad cars but a gray, generalized thing called Transportation; people are not men and women, corporeal, gross, very human beings, but Humanity—Humanity very much in the abstract. In his political thinking and propaganda Mr. Wilson cuts away all the complex qualities which things possess in real life in order to fasten upon one single characteristic, and thus he creates a clear but over-simple and unreal formula. As a consequence he is tempted to fall into inelastic categories; to see things black and white; to believe that similar things are identical and dissimilar things opposite. Mexicans seem to him to be Anglo-Saxons living in Mexico and Frenchmen, Italians and Russians Anglo-Saxons on the continent of Europe. His thinking rarely concerns itself with concrete differences; it is never a quantitative thinking; it is never inductive. And this abstractness of Mr. Wilson is part of a curiously a priori metaphysical idealism. His world stands firmly on its head. Ideas do not rest upon facts but facts on ideas. Morals and laws are not created out of the rub and wear of men and societies but are things innate, uncreated, immutable, absolute and simple; and human relations arise out of them. "In the Beginning was the Word: and the Word was with God: and the Word was God." The Keeper of the Word, the Utterer of the Word is the man who creates. If Mr. Wilson could proclaim the Eternal Verities—the Ten Commandments of International Life,—lesser minds might be entrusted with the humbler work of exegesis. His Fourteen Points would, by the mere fact of their expression, work themselves into the body of international life and re-create it in their image.

I do not presume to belittle this philosophy nor to deny to it all validity. Undoubtedly the impressive, half-true generalizations of our Declaration of Independence did contribute to a change in political thought and conditions. Between the Declaration and the Fourteen Points, however, lay a deep gulf. The first was an appeal, and what it lacked in precision it gained in eloquence. The Fourteen Points, on the contrary, were conceived as the basis of an organic constitution of the world, and as such should have been exactly determined and made to conform with each other and with the specific needs of the nations. I fear, however, that Mr. Wilson never understood his "points" in detail, either their extent or their mutual limitations. Was his idea of "the freedom of the seas" consonant with his League of Nations? Should self-determination have the right of way when an alien Hinterland clamored for access to the sea? You can not lay down fourteen general formulas without raising innumerable questions in political casuistry, important questions which must be answered. Mr. Wilson apparently did not see that his Fourteen Points were not an explicit programme but were something less and infinitely more —a splendid but vague summary of decades of thought—not of Mr. Wilson's thought but of the thought of the world, derived from the long perceived needs of millions of ordinary men and women. Having restated his philosophy Mr. Wilson refrained from taking the next step of working out a plan of action. He went into the jungle with a map of the world but without a compass.

Because of this abstractness, because of his emphasis upon generalization and his neglect of the concrete facts and particular instances upon which the generalization should have been based, Mr. Wilson sat down at the Peace table knowing nothing of the things he should have known. He knew nothing of Shantung, Fiume, Dalmatia, Silesia, Macedonia, and cared little about them so long as his principle of self-determination prevailed. He knew nothing of the complex economic interrelations, friendly and hostile, between various European nations, for he trusted to his not very clearly defined principle concerning "economic barriers." He did not even want to know these "details."

Had the President rightly conceived what minute special knowledge and what practical realistic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

judgment it required to write the Fourteen Points into the treaty, he would have selected his Peace colleagues from the best informed and most responsible and independent thinkers in the United States. He would also have provided himself with a group of experts with whom he himself would have been in daily communication and at whose feet he would have sat. Instead he employed a body of special students, most of them capable and all conscientious, but a body apart, without instructions, without authority, without real contact with the President, disconnected. The expert who studied Kiaochow was not supposed to know what the President thought, though what the President thought on the morning of the day of decision was the decisive thing. Mr. Wilson's theory was that all determinations must be his and all must be based if not upon direct inspiration then upon evidence sifted by him. But he completely failed to perceive the magnitude of such a task. No mind, however capacious, could possibly have grasped all these intricacies, and where the greatest man would have failed Mr. Wilson failed. He was ignorant by reason of his chosen method of work, his love of political abstraction, his distaste for concrete, complex, coördinated research, by reason finally of his voluntary intellectual isolation. Working alone he worked too slowly and never finished anything. No wonder he was swamped by the impossible and uncongenial task.

That task, even after weeks and months of work on it, Mr. Wilson never really understood. He saw vaguely that the treaty was turning out badly but he did not quite see what was the matter. The problem still presented itself to him in abstract moral terms; certain people were bad and the proposals put forth by bad people were bad proposals. Since his Fourteen Principles were skillfully opposed to each other until at last Mr. Wilson himself could not choose between them, he fell back in his decisions upon a transient sympathy. He liked certain people, among them Lloyd George, a ready-witted, humorous, easy-principled politician, one of those "cunning" men, of whom Bacon says, that they are "perfect in men's humours" but "not greatly capable of the real part of business." Clemenceau, on the other hand, he seems to have distrusted, and as a consequence the French imperialists seemed—as indeed they were—insatiable. The Italian imperialists also wanted all they could get and knew no other way than to ask for more than they could get. To Mr. Wilson's friendly eye the British, on the other hand, appeared moderate, and were, so it seemed, forced against their will to accept what they wanted. But, unfortunately for Mr. Wilson's constancy, the whole Conference whirled about like a top, diplomats changed roles, and allies became opponents and opponents allies. There were times when Mr. Wilson could not determine the relative morality of his colleagues, but, like Alice judging the Walrus and the Carpenter, was forced to the lame conclusion that "they were *both* very disagreeable characters." And, in truth, beneath all apparent concessions to Mr. Wilson and behind all temporary alignments in his favor there existed in Paris and had existed from the beginning, despite intense mutual bitterness among these Powers, a hostile bloc of four nations, held together by secret treaties, which though uncomfortable were binding. The British admitted that these treaties, notably with Italy and Japan, were immoral but would it not be still more immoral to break them? The President, realizing that his dwindling programme was in danger of total extinction, was willing to grant plenary absolution to any penitent Power abjuring its arrangements. But the European governments, as well as Japan, wanted no absolution; they wanted colonies, money, economic privileges. They wanted a good, hard, bristling peace, a blockade-and-bayonet peace, a sinister peace with just enough sentimental coating to get it down. We were to provide the coating. And in the end it was just such a peace that they induced Woodrow Wilson to accept.

It is claimed in the President's defense that no man could have broken through this ring of treaty-bound nations. But as early as June, 1917, Mr. Wilson knew of these secret treaties. Why did he not then, when conditions were favorable to us, insist upon a revision of Allied terms?

I believe that this fatal omission of the President was due in some part to his habit of ignoring disagreeable realities. It would have been unpleasant even to know about these treaties. At bottom, however, the cause of his inaction lay in his ingrained habits of thought. Mr. Wilson placed his faith then as now not in actual, practical adjustments of aims, in a deed, but in his own exalted words. In due course he would speak out boldly and at his word the strong wall of dishonest diplomacy would fall down.

Does so deep a self-confidence suggest the victorious dream-world of fantasy rather than the world of reality? Does it suggest a man enervated by the secret vice of self-worship?

Here we are treading upon the most private of preserves because most men believe that they are modest—at least in proportion to their justification for vanity—and all of us live in glass houses. We cannot, however, intelligently discuss the President's failure at Paris without considering this quality which contributed to his fall. During long years a man may safely indulge a small vice which in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his critical hour proves his undoing. It is, moreover, one of the ironies of life that achievement often brings with it false rewards that make further achievement impossible. Mr. Wilson's past success, his high station, his long, continued greatness were not unlikely to give him a somewhat distorted sense of his relation towards his fellow-men. For almost twenty years, at Princeton, Trenton and Washington, Mr. Wilson, though fighting, had represented Authority. He could remove men who were hostile or remove himself from their influence. He could choose his associates. But the great man who indulges in the luxury of choosing his associates can hardly escape excessive adulation, a sugary poison far more virulent to an urbane, cultivated and sensitive mind than to a loose-lipped braggart, just as secret drinking is more dangerous than swilling in public. No man in this century has read as many million words of praise as Mr. Wilson. It is no disgrace that he is not an Abraham Lincoln, who grew in humility as he grew in power, and accepted praise and blame at their just worth, gratefully yet critically. In Paris as in Rome the President was again placed upon a diet of adulation, but there it was a weapon not an ointment, and compliments did not mean concessions. For the first time in twenty years, moreover, Mr. Wilson was forced to meet opponents on equal terms. He could not depose M. Clemenceau or Signor Orlando or Baron Makino. He could not force them to acquiesce. Further, he no longer had the necessities of the Allies as his ally. Day by day the expectant gratitude of Italy, France, Japan and Great Britain to America grew cooler and their thanks even took on the color of a reproach that we had been late in coming into the war and had not fared badly. Here was opposition not less real because flattering and evasive, an opposition based on the principle of the "elastic defense," always retreating but never giving ground. In the end it was Mr. Wilson who gave ground, who retreated while thinking he advanced, who presented the case of his opponents, being flattered into believing that it was his own case, invented by himself. It is significant of the truly diplomatic policy of Mr. Wilson's antagonists that he got the publicity and they got the treaty.

At last in these painfully delayed negotiations a day came when he would retreat no further. On Sunday, April the sixth, he publicly announced that he had cabled for the George Washington. A thrill of intense excitement ran through Paris; friends and enemies of the President asked "What will he do?" To his friends the President revealed his intentions. He had compromised too much; hereafter he would take his stand on the Fourteen Points. These friends described to me the President as marvelously calm, with set jaws and "no bend in him anywhere." I went to bed that night hoping that at last the President would stand firm—there in the centre of the world. He did not stand firm. He wavered, accepted small compromises, gave in more than before. The European correspondents smiled ironically. Doubtless they thought of Bismarck's cruel characterization of Salisbury: "A lath painted to look like iron."

It was not cowardice; had the President known at that late day, after innumerable concessions and self-betrayals, how to bring the vital matter of internationalism to a clear issue he would, I feel confident, have risked all and stood up against the world. He had, however, already surrendered too much; he was bound by as many slight threads as Gulliver in Lilliput. He could not now strain at a gnat or even a camel after having swallowed a whole menagerie. He might save his face by making a final stand on the question of Fiume but the Italians would prove that he himself had already countenanced much harsher violations of his own principles. All he could gain was a spectacular tactical success; the main battle was already lost.

There was a still more compelling reason, as I take it, why Mr. Wilson failed to make this heroic decision. There are three sorts of minds in the world. The first can see only one side of every question; it is the mind of the very simple man and of the fanatic. The second sees both sides but sees them alternately, never together. The third, which one may call the synthetic mind, sees both (or all) sides and sees them contemporaneously, weighs them, balances them against each other and comes, perhaps slowly, to a final, firm judgment. Mr. Wilson's mind seems to be of the second order. Granite-like though it sometimes appears—it is wax to receive and wax to retain, eminently impressionable and unstable. It is perhaps because he himself knows this that he seeks to escape from the rude conflict with other minds and thinks alone—which means to think with the people who agree with what he thought yesterday. Again it is this mind of his with its alternating current that explains the amazing contradictions of his career, his disconcerting changes of front, his infinite self reversals. To such a mind his seemingly friendly antagonists at the Peace Conference could present an argument of great cogency. To throw over the peace negotiations now would be to desert Europe and to push her down into anarchy. Better a small sacrifice of internationalism, better even the worst peace with order than utter disruption, decades of bloody revolution and in the end a Bolshevik world.

This argument, we may readily believe, was no part of the President's intellectual equipment when he left Washington in December. It represented a recession from his earlier thought, a violent fluc-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tuation. For reasons, not at all occult, Mr. Wilson was more than usually liable at Paris to such fluctuations of conviction and will. He stood alone. He had no "unmannerly" Kent at his elbow to talk bluntly to him and no group of intellectual equals with him, upon whose independent judgment boldly given he could try out new ideas. Not only had Mr. Wilson, with what he has called his single-track mind, to shunt problems constantly arriving on many tracks but he was forced to oppose his individual, impressionable mind to more effective, more stable and much less impressionable group minds. The English mind at the Conference was a compact, articulated group mind, a mind of a hundred minds, taking up each other's slack, a mind elastic, comprehensive, persistent and working harmoniously. It did not waver like the mind of an individual. The French mind, also a group mind, though febrile was constant and unfluctuating. The Japanese mind was concrete, concentrated and amazingly firm. Back of each of these group minds, moreover, was a national will; back of President Wilson, with his dummy colleagues and his unconsulted experts, was nothing with which he was in touch, nothing from which he knew how to draw support. He had no ballast. An individual arguing against nations, he was subject to the enormous pressure of national wills. Even the American people no longer knew what Mr. Wilson thought, and not knowing ceased to care. He might therefore swiftly change his mind or even pocket his whole philosophy, without America or himself quite knowing.

There was a final reason, I suppose, besides his self-induced impotence and his too ready adoption of principles opposed to his own, that made Mr. Wilson accept his aborted treaty with little show of reluctance. He had his League. It was, he probably permitted himself to believe, the one permanent result of the negotiations, the one curative agent. Let the treaty pass; in time it might die of prenatal defects. The League would not only live but would cure the treaty or create a new one.

It was natural for Mr. Wilson to adopt this compensatory theory which seemed to convert his defeat into a victory. His pride was involved. Though he has in fact contributed little to the detailed elaboration of the League plan (and that little has not always been good), still the impulse was largely his, and he is therefore properly associated in the public mind with the League, which is almost spoken of as Mr. Wilson's League. We are optimistic where our own children are concerned and Mr. Wilson may well have persuaded himself that the League, though weak, faulty, and in some respects reactionary, was still sound enough to redeem the treaty. The truth, I fear, is the exact opposite. Even a poor League would have been better than none had the treaty been tolerable. But a vicious treaty, making for war and anarchy, must of necessity destroy the League to which it is in principle opposed. How can this League, based on the doctrine of unanimity, be much better than the Peace Conference itself? How can it, for example, undo the iniquitous gift of Shantung to Japan when such recession requires Japan's own consent? I do not wish to prejudge the new Covenant but it is surely a sign of Mr. Wilson's far-away abstractness and of his failure to grasp near realities that he was willing to bargain the treaty for the League, instead of offering the League (and with it America's moral and material support to Europe) for the only sort of peace that we should be willing to maintain. It is even in doubt whether the President looked very closely at his League or assured himself that it was real and not counterfeit.

Thus comes to an inglorious end the quest of Woodrow Wilson in search of a new world. There also comes to an end—for a time at least—the hopes of millions of men. It is further disheartening that the defeat will be ascribed to that very political idealism which alone might have made a success possible. Those who despise all idealism in politics will exult over this new Don Quixote overthrown and bespattered, this new saint seduced. They will wish to revert to the old time diplomatist, the dollar and steel and sausage diplomatist, who has as few ideals as may be but has his broad feet flat on the ground. They will call for an end of prophets and idealists. In their churches they are willing to read Isaiah and Habakkuk but they want no latter-day prophets stalking about on week days.

This theory that it was the idealism of Mr. Wilson that undid him, is, I am convinced, quite false. The President has at rare moments the earnestness, the vision and the deep eloquence of the Hebrew prophets, and it is these qualities which, if they stood alone, would make him a truly great man, one of the greatest. But Woodrow Wilson is also a politician. No one could have become President of Princeton or Governor of New Jersey without knowing and, in some sense, loving the currents and deceptive undercurrents of what we call political life. It was not Woodrow Wilson, the prophet and idealist, who was overturned at Paris, for whatever his defects, his abstractness, his metaphysical idealism, his over-confidence, his vanity, he might always have retrieved himself and gained at least a moral victory by a final refusal. The man who was discomfited was Woodrow Wilson the politician, the man who thought he could play the European game, who was not afraid of the dark, who at times seemed to bargain for his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own hand, for his personal prestige and his political party, instead of fighting always and solely, win or lose, for his ideals. A man can not both be celestial and subterranean; he can not at once stand on the mountain top and in the cellar. When the President of the United States who had stirred mankind as it had not been stirred for decades withdrew from the inspiration of the peoples of the world and agreed to a "give-and-take peace" secretly arrived at by bargaining—when Mr. Wilson surrendered the role of prophet and accepted the lesser role of opportunist politician—he became as one of the others, a little less than the others.

WALTER WEYL.

Mr. Creevey

CLIO is one of the most glorious of the Muses; but, as everyone knows, she (like her sister Melpomene) suffers from a sad defect: she is apt to be pompous. With her buskins, her robes, and her airs of importance she is at times, indeed, almost intolerable. But fortunately the Fates have provided a corrective. They have decreed that in her stately advances she should be accompanied by certain apish, impish creatures, who run round her tittering, pulling long noses, threatening to trip the good lady up, and even sometimes whisking to one side the corner of her drapery, and revealing her under garments in a most indecorous manner. They are the diarists and letter-writers, the gossips and journalists of the past, the Pepyses and Horace Walpoles and Saint Simons, whose function it is to reveal to us the littlenesses underlying great events and to remind us that history itself was once real life. Among them is Mr. Creevey. The Fates decided that Mr. Creevey should accompany Clio, with appropriate gestures, during that part of her progress which is measured by the thirty years preceding the accession of Victoria; and the little wretch did his job very well.

It might almost be said that Thomas Creevey was "born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly." At any rate, we know nothing of his youth, save that he was educated at Cambridge, and he presents himself to us in the early years of the nineteenth century as a middle-aged man, with a character and a habit of mind already fixed and an established position in the world. In 1803 we find him what he was to be for the rest of his life—a Member of Parliament, a familiar figure in high society, an insatiable gossip with a rattling tongue. That he should have reached and held the place he did is a proof of his talents, for he was a very poor man; for the greater part of his life his income was less than £200 a year. But those were the days of patrons and jobs, pocket-boroughs and sinecures; they were the days, too, of vigorous bold living, torrential talk, and splendid hospitality; and it was only natural that Mr. Creevey, penniless and immensely entertaining, should have been put into Parliament by a Duke and welcomed in every great Whig house in the country with open arms. It was also only natural that, spending his whole political life as an advanced Whig, bent upon the destruction of abuses, he should have begun that life as a member for a pocket-borough and ended it as the holder of a sinecure.

For a time his poverty was relieved by his marriage with a widow who had means of her own. But Mrs. Creevey died, her money went to her daughters by her previous husband, and Mr. Creevey reverted to a possessionless existence—without a house, without servants, without property of any sort—wandering from country mansion to country mansion, from dinner-party to dinner-party, until at last in his old age, on the triumph of the Whigs, he was rewarded with a pleasant little post which brought him in about £600 a year. Apart from these small ups and downs of fortune, Mr. Creevey's life was static—static spiritually, that is to say; for physically he was always on the move. His adventures were those of an observer, not of an actor; but he was an observer so very near the centre of things that he was by no means dispassionate; the rush of great events would whirl him round into the vortex, like a leaf in an eddy of wind; he would rave, he would gesticulate, with the fury of a complete partisan; and then, when the wind dropped, he would be found, like the leaf, very much where he was before. Luckily, too, he was not merely an agitated observer, but an observer who delighted in passing on his agitations, first with his tongue, and then—for so the Fates had decided—with his pen. He wrote easily, spicily, and persistently; he had a favorite step-daughter, with whom he corresponded for years, and so it happens that we have preserved to us, side by side with the majestic march of Clio (who, of course, paid not the slightest attention to him) Mr. Creevey's exhilarating *pas de chat*.

Certainly he was not over-given to the praise of famous men. There are no great names in his vocabulary—only nick-names: George III is "Old Nobs," the Regent "Prinney," Wellington "the Beau," Lord John Russell "Pie and Thimble." Brougham, with whom he was on very friendly terms, is sometimes Bruffam, sometimes Beelzebub, and sometimes Old Wickedshifts; and Lord Durham, who once remarked that one could "jog along on £40,000 a year," is King Jog. The latter was one of the great Whig potentates, and it was characteristic of Creevey that his scurrility should have been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poured out with a special gusto over his own leaders. The Tories were villains of course—Canning was all perfidy and "infinite meanness," Huskisson a mass of "intellectual confusion and mental dirt," Castlereagh—but all that was obvious and hardly worth mentioning; what was really too exacerbating to be borne was the folly and vileness of the Whigs. King Jog, the Bogey, Mother Cole, and the rest of them—they were either knaves or imbeciles. Lord Grey was an exception; but then Lord Grey, besides passing the Reform Bill, presented Mr. Creevey with the Treasurership of the Ordnance, and in fact was altogether a most worthy man.

Another exception was the Duke of Wellington, whom, somehow or other, it was impossible not to admire. Creevey, throughout his life, had a trick of being "in at the death" on every important occasion; in the House, at Brooks's, at the Pavilion, he invariably popped up at the critical moment; and so one is not surprised to find him at Brussels during Waterloo. More than that, he was the first English civilian to see the Duke after the battle, and his report of the conversation is admirable; one can almost hear the "It has been a damned serious business. Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life," and the "By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there." On this occasion the Beau spoke, as was fitting, "with the greatest gravity all the time, and without the least approach to anything like triumph or joy." But at other times he was jocular—especially when Prinney was the subject. "By God! you never saw such a figure in your life as he is. Then he speaks and swears so like old Falstaff, that damn me if I was not ashamed to walk into the room with him."

When, a few years later, the trial of Queen Caroline came on, it was inevitable that Creevey should be there. He had an excellent seat in the front row and his descriptions of "Mrs. P.," as he preferred to call her Majesty, are characteristic—

> "Two folding doors within a few feet of me were suddenly thrown open, and in entered her Majesty. To describe to you her appearance and manner is far beyond my powers. I had been taught to believe she was as much improved in looks as in dignity of manners; it is therefore with much pain I am obliged to observe that the nearest resemblance I can recollect to this much injured Princess is a toy which you used to call Fanny Royds [a Dutch doll]. There is another toy of a rabbit or a cat, whose tail you squeeze under its body, and then out it jumps in half a minute off the ground into the air. The first of these toys you must suppose to represent the person of the Queen; the latter the manner by which she popped all at once into the House, made a *duck* at the throne, another to the Peers, and a concluding jump into the chair which was placed for her. Her dress was black figured gauze, with a good deal of trimming, lace, etc.—her sleeves white, and perfectly episcopal; a handsome white veil, so thick as to make it very difficult to me, who was as near to her as any one, to see her face; such a back for variety and inequality of ground as you never beheld; with a few straggling ringlets on her neck, which I flatter myself from their appearance were not her Majesty's own property."

Mr. Creevey, it is obvious, was not the man to be abashed by the presence of Royalty.

But such public episodes were necessarily rare, and the main stream of his life flowed rapidly, gaily, and unobtrusively through the fat pastures of high society. Everywhere and always he enjoyed himself extremely, but his spirits and his happiness were at their highest during his long summer sojourns at those splendid country houses whose hospitality he chronicles with indefatigable verve. "This house," he says at Raby, "is itself *by far* the most magnificent and unique in several ways that I have ever seen. . . . As long as I have heard of anything, I have heard of being driven into the hall of this house in one's carriage, and being set down by the fire. You can have no idea of the magnificent perfection with which this is accomplished." At Knowsley "the new dining-room is opened; it is 53 feet by 37, and such a height that it destroys the effect of all the other apartments. . . . There are two fireplaces; and the day we dined there, there were 36 wax candles over the table, 14 on it, and ten great lamps on tall pedestals about the room." At Thorp Perrow "all the living rooms are on the ground floor, one a very handsome one about 50 feet long, with a great bow furnished with rose-colored satin, and the whole furniture of which cost £4000." At Goodwood the rooms were done up in "brightest yellow satin," and at Holkham the walls were covered with Genoa velvet, and there was gilding worth a fortune on "the roofs of all the rooms and the doors." The fare was as sumptuous as the furniture. Life passed amid a succession of juicy chops, gigantic sirloins, plump fowls, pheasants stuffed with pâté de foie gras, gorgeous Madeiras, ancient Ports. Wine had a double advantage; it made you drunk; it also made you sober: it was its own cure. On one occasion, when Sheridan, after days of riotous living, showed signs of exhaustion, Mr. and Mrs. Creevey pressed upon him "five or six glasses of light French wine," with excellent effect. Then, at midnight, when the talk

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

began to flag and the spirits grew a little weary, what could be more rejuvenating than to ring the bell for a broiled bone? And one never rang in vain—except, to be sure, at King Jog's. There, while the host was guzzling, the guests starved. This was too much for Mr. Creevey, who, finding he could get nothing for breakfast while King Jog was "eating his own fish as comfortably as could be," fairly lost his temper.

> "My blood beginning to boil, I said:—'Lambton, I wish you could tell me what quarter I am to apply to for some fish.' To which he replied in the most impertinent manner:—'The servant, I suppose.' I turned to Mills and said pretty loud:—'Now, if it was not for the fuss and jaw of the thing, I would leave the room and the house this instant'; and dwelt on the damned outrage. Mills said:—'He hears every word you say': to which I said: 'I hope he does.' It was a regular scene."

A few days later, however, Mr. Creevey was consoled by finding himself in a very different establishment, where "everything is of a piece—excellent and plentiful dinners, a fat service of plate, a fat butler, a table with a barrel of oysters and a hot pheasant, etc., wheeled into the drawingroom every night at ½ past ten."

It is difficult to remember that this was the England of the Six Acts, of Peterloo, and of the Industrial Revolution. Mr. Creevey, indeed, could hardly be expected to remember it, for he was utterly unconscious of the existence—of the possibility—of any mode of living other than his own. For him, dining-rooms 50 feet long, bottles of Madeira, broiled bones, and the brightest yellow satin were as necessary and obvious a part of the constitution of the universe as the light of the sun and the law of gravity. Only once in his life was he seriously ruffled; only once did a public question present itself to him as something alarming, something portentous, something more than a personal affair. The occasion is significant. On March 16, 1825, he writes:

> "I have come to the conclusion that our Ferguson is *insane*. He quite foamed at the mouth with rage in our Railway Committee in support of this infernal nuisance—the locomotive Monster, carrying *eighty tons* of goods, and navigated by a tail of smoke and sulphur, coming thro' every man's grounds between Manchester and Liverpool."

His perturbation grew. He attended the committee assiduously, but in spite of his efforts it seemed that the railway bill would pass. The loco-motive was more than a joke. He sat every day from 12 to 4; he led the opposition, with long speeches.

> "This railway," he explains on May 31st, "is the devil's own." Next day, he is in triumph: he had killed the Monster.
>
> "Well—this devil of a railway is strangled at last. . . . Today we had a clear majority in committee in our favor, and the promoters of the Bill withdrew it, and took their leave of us."

With a sigh of relief he whisked off to Ascot, for the festivities of which he was delighted to note that Prinney had prepared "by having 12 oz. of blood taken from him by cupping."

Old age hardly troubled Mr. Creevey. He grew a trifle deaf, and he discovered that it was possible to wear woollen stockings under his silk ones; but his activity, his high spirits, his popularity, only seemed to increase. At the end of a party ladies would crowd round him. "Oh, Mr. Creevey, how agreeable you have been!" "Oh, thank you, Mr. Creevey; how useful you have been." "Dear Mr. Creevey, I laughed out loud last night in bed at one of your stories." One would like to add (rather late in the day, perhaps) one's own praises. One feels almost affectionate; a certain sincerity, a certain immediacy in his response to stimuli, are endearing qualities; one quite understands that it was natural, on the pretext of changing house, to send him a dozen of wine. Above all, one wants him to go on. Why should he stop? Why should he not continue indefinitely, telling us about Old Salisbury and Old Madagascar? But it could not be.

> "Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, Madame;
> Las! Le temps non, mais nous, nous en allons."

It was fitting that, after fulfilling his seventy years, he should catch a glimpse of "little Vic" as Queen of England, laughing, eating, and showing her gums too much at the Pavilion. But that was enough: the piece was over; the curtain had gone down; and, on the new stage that was preparing for very different characters, and with a very different style of decoration, there would be no place for Mr. Creevey.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

The Musicale: To A. H.

The white thoughts should not be disturbed that hover
When music dies. The studied compliment,
The graceful phrase, thrice-trite and hardly meant
Come not to me. When the sonata's over,
I'm silent, like some heart-o'erburdened lover,
Who, when his lady looks, and leans, and sighs,
Is dumb, and sees the light die in her eyes,
And wretchedly dissects a bit of clover.

His fingers are like flames, and the great chords
Stamp out titanic measures, 'till the room
Sways, pulses, rocks, throbs, then a steely
Melody . . . a gray cliff, the ring of swords,
The rain, and the sea's uninterrupted boom . . .
And then some one remarks, "How charming, really!"

R. M. COATES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The A. F. of L. Moves Forward

FROM their long struggle to carry organization into the steel plants of America the trade unions have learned a certain maxim: No single union, however strong or closely knit it be, can stand alone against the power of the great companies. In years of uneven contest the companies have fought off the organization of their plants with strike-breakers, with foreign labor, with "company unions," with the power of discharge and occasionally with the power of the law. They have cut off from its support every union which attempted individually to penetrate their defense, and they have crushed it because it stood alone. The companies are strong today. Nevertheless it is impossible to have come away from a labor meeting held last week in Pittsburgh, without confidence that in a new effort the invading unions have their best chance of success. This time they advance in a new formation.

It was a year ago that the A. F. of L., in convention at St. Paul, determined to try again the unionization of the steel plants. A National Committee for Organizing the Iron and Steel Workers was formed. Samuel Gompers became its Chairman—an honorary Chairman, chiefly, because of his intended visit to Europe. John Fitzpatrick, candidate of the Illinois Labor party for mayor of Chicago, was made Acting Chairman. And the starting point for the fresh campaign was an admission that only a movement as wide as the industry itself could pierce the barriers that the steel and iron companies had built against the unionization of their shops.

It is remarkable how thoroughly this principle was carried into action. Not one union, but twenty-four, met to form the National Committee. Their interests ran into every branch of the industry, from the men who mine ore, through all the intricate machinery of production to the men who load the finished products for shipment. The Seamen's Union came into the National Committee because its members man the ships that ferry ore down from Superior and Duluth to the lower lake ports. The Switchmen's Union sent delegates because its members shunt the cars in the yards of the great plants. Pattern Makers, Moulders, Mine Workers, Electricians—in the twenty-four unions there were associated a million five hundred thousand workmen. It was the representatives of this large fraction of organized labor that met last week in Pittsburgh.

So thorough had been the work of the National Committee that within the twenty-four cooperating unions there was a place for every one of the unorganized men and women at work in the plants of the steel companies, no matter what his individual worker's job. There was a place even for the unskilled worker. For the cooperating unions gave an extraordinary proof of their serious purpose. They agreed upon a practically uniform admission fee, and they set it within reach of the thinnest pay envelope. Before the campaign some of the unions had had entrance fees as high as $200. The variety of rates was a badge of that craft individuality which is guarded by constitutional provision and precedent. Individuality now disappeared, so far as finances were concerned. A uniform rate of $3 was established by all of the cooperating unions save three. Two of these charge $5; the other, $7.25. The readiness with which an agreement was reached is remarkable.

And because strictly craft unions were ready to make concessions to solidarity they have already won a considerable success. In the western plants organization is well advanced. There are unions firmly established today, after a short campaign, in the great shops at Gary, Joliet and South Chicago. Farther east the unions have made a convincing start in Youngstown, Buffalo and Wheeling. Still farther east, the Bethlehem Company—which discharged a committee of its employees, a few years ago, because they had come to ask for one day's rest in seven—has now announced that its employees may join unions if they wish to. Much of this success is due to the clear power held by twenty-four unions when they pool their interests; some of it, fortunately, is due to a growing liberalism on the part of different employers. The National Committee comes to Pittsburgh with a record of remarkable success.

But it comes to Pittsburgh, of course, to meet its stiffest opposition. In the black valleys of the three rivers that meet at Pittsburgh lie the strongholds of opposition to organized labor. In those valleys the rule of "the company" is unbroken. Great powers cluster there: United States Steel, American Steel and Wire, Pittsburgh By-Products, McClintic-Marshall, a score of others. And in the furnaces and rolling-mills on the slopes of the valleys, the company has an uncurbed use of the right to hire and fire. And behind it, in many cases, stands the local government as willing servitor. Today, in McKeesport, in these first days after a war for democracy, no labor organizer can rent a hall. No revolutionaries can gain a permit for their meetings—and the A. F. of L. is held to be a revolutionary. In Braddock, in Homestead, in Monessen, in Donora, in many steel towns of the three valleys, the plainest of constitutional rights is not acknowledged.

Can the trade unions win, this time, against handicaps that have been too great in the past? It depends upon the ability of the National Com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mittee to hold its twenty-four unions determinedly in the enterprise.

It is a difficult job. Plenty of experience in the past proves that. But I doubt if there has ever been a stronger partnership of the craft unions, or a better spirit among them, than was displayed in Pittsburgh. There was an extraordinary willingness to consider other plans than those put in terms of conventional craft unionism. It was proposed, for instance, that the National Committee report to the various individual craft unions upon the advisability of working to secure a uniform wage scale throughout the entire industry. Two years ago, such a proposal as this would at once have been thrown out as destructive and "syndicalistic." It would not have been debated. But it was debated, in Pittsburgh; and after several uneasy delegates had been assured that no such innovation could be established without the approval of the craft unions themselves, the proposal was adopted, unanimously. That done, the assembly agreed upon another resolution, again unanimously, which petitioned the A. F. of L. for a permanent Iron and Steel Trades Council to take its place beside such bodies as the permanent Building Trades Council.

There was a second unusual characteristic in the Pittsburgh meeting. That was the attitude of the assembly toward the unskilled worker. This member of society, underpaid, and with no trained ability to put on the market, does not ordinarily take up much time in an A. F. of L. gathering. His poor wages make it unprofitable to organize him; he is a drag on the better paid workers, when a strike must be financed. At most A. F. of L. conventions the captains of some of the larger craft unions seem to be there chiefly with the object of defending the vested interests of the highly paid workman—no less zealously than the shopkeepers and the manufacturers defend vested interests of their own.

At Pittsburgh, however, there was displayed a very different attitude. In the last few years, to be sure, the wages of the less skilled employee have risen sharply; but aside from financial considerations, a major emphasis in Pittsburgh was put upon the argument that labor's true solidarity and its democratic faith demanded that the door be opened to the unskilled worker. In opening the meeting, John Fitzgerald declared—amid applause that would have seemed strange, two years ago—"I say to you that all our future activities must be based on a consideration of the great army of unskilled labor." Thereafter the great army was never lost sight of. Its incorporation into organized labor was the theme of many speakers, and at least the implication of many resolutions.

What is most important in these tendencies is not the theoretical deductions that can be drawn from them, but the promise they give of practical and more or less immediate success. The steel plants are pivotal. If they are organized, then there vanishes the bulwark of opposition behind which great employers and small employers in a thousand different industries have long taken refuge.

Nevertheless, the importance of the Pittsburgh meeting does not stop with this. There are three major issues before American labor today: Will labor swing toward industrial or toward craft organization? Will it decide that it has need of liberal leadership? Will it decide, also, to enter American politics as an organized body? And when there is as significant an event in the labor movement as this Pittsburgh meeting, it is important to see whether it cuts across any of these issues, and in what way.

Certainly it is true, regardless of anything the craft leaders have said, that the Pittsburgh meeting was open confession of the breakdown of craft organization. It was declared, in Pittsburgh, that the craft unions were maintaining, and must continue to maintain, their separate individuality and jurisdiction. But those were phrases. The vitality of the meeting lay in its use of industrial organization. Facing the concentrated power of the steel companies, the A. F. of L. forsook its conventional method of letting the pattern-makers and the moulders and the other separate crafts struggle ahead as individual units. Instead it bound them together in a campaign that took in the whole industry. It agreed on practically uniform admission fees for twenty-four great unions. It reduced those fees so as to make membership possible for the least paid worker. And it approved the consideration of uniform wage scales for the whole great industry, involving more than two million men and women. All of these steps have been taken, ostensibly, as temporary measures. Will they be temporary, and will they find no imitation in other industries, if in the present struggle for organization of the steel plants they turn the trick?

As for the second question—that of leadership in the A. F. of L.—it has been said that John Fitzpatrick undertook the organization of the iron and steel workers as a political move, and that the Gompers group in the A. F. of L., also playing the game, has given the present movement no support. Neither statement seems to have much truth. Fitzpatrick has gone at the work because he is a good trade union man; he has had every assistance that Mr. Gompers and his aides could probably give him. To be sure, this fact remains: the most notable labor achievement in several years is chiefly the work of the one most prominent liberal group in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

side the Federation. Perhaps those liberals will gain prestige and position. Liberals on the outside may be permitted to hope so.

Finally there is this to be said, about the effect of the Pittsburgh meeting on labor's entrance into politics: Old-line labor leaders have declared that only those who have been failures at organizing workers on "economic lines" now urge that they be organized politically. It is often a personal and practical incident that counts most, in leading trade union members to a decision. And so it is an important fact that John Fitzpatrick, now directing one of labor's great ventures in organization along "economic lines," happens also to be the foremost union advocate of the organization of labor as a political party. This implies another possible effect of the meeting at Pittsburgh which will encourage liberals, whether they are within the Federation or outside of it.

CHARLES MERZ.

The Laborer's Turn

EVERYBODY, nowadays, is a friend of labor. The man who toils must have his just reward. And a just reward includes wages sufficient for a decent family maintenance. It includes a maximum of care to prevent accidents, the most efficient precautions against industrial disease, relief from excessive hours and overstrain. So far we are all agreed, at least in theory. But labor is demanding more, and with that demand universal agreement vanishes. The President, voicing the claims of labor which have become most articulate in England but which are everywhere felt, declares that "we can not go any further in our present direction; we have already gone too far"; that we must find a new road leading "not merely to accommodation but also to a genuine cooperation and partnership based upon a real community of interest and participation in control." Do you agree? If you do you will find yourself rather lonely in circles where the captains of industry and their financial and legal partners dare to express their whole mind. Give labor a share in the management of industry? Why that is Socialism, or worse, Bolshevism. The President, so you hear it violently asserted, has exchanged the genuine, traditional brand of American democracy for this new foreign brand which is producing disorder everywhere in Europe.

Democracy is democracy; when you try to nationalize it you abate its virtues, just as you abate the virtues of Christianity when you make it a national cult. American democracy is a stage in the evolution toward real democracy. Nobody would maintain that it does not fall short of the ideal in important particulars. It falls short in its institutional system, but where it most falls short is in the assumptions and preconceptions with which the average intelligent American approaches the problem of labor.

One of these assumptions, perhaps the most fundamental and the most pernicious, is that labor is a status out of which men "rise" to higher things. "We have no classes in America. The humblest workman, if he is industrious and thrifty, may rise to the dizziest height of wealth and power." "Humblest," did you say? Charlie Schwab was an object of humility when he drove a milk wagon or fed a furnace in the steel works. Now he is an object to be revered. He is the same Charlie Schwab, however, except that he has exchanged the vigor of youth for the solidity of mature years. The accretion of esteem is not in the man but in the circumstances.

Just so in the feudal time it was possible for so humble a person as a merchant or a "usurer"—now known as a banker—to succor a great lord in his need and win ennoblement. It was possible for a despised scribe—now a lawyer—to rescue a king from his entanglements and win a seat among the mighty. One could "rise" out of trade, banking, the law, medicine, the Church. If one lacked the abilities appropriate to the aristocratic rank, or if opportunity failed to appear, one lived painfully and died miserably in his humble calling.

It was the achievement of the revolutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that the character of humility was lifted off the middle class businesses and professions. After 1688 in England, after 1793 in France, it ceased to be necessary for a lawyer or a merchant to "rise" out of the status in which he had achieved competence. There were certain vestigial aristocratic privileges denied them, but they had quite prestige enough to make life full and satisfying. After two centuries of middle class emancipation few members of the class ever entertain the thought of the earlier status of their class. Mr. James M. Beck never thinks of it, but the fact is that three hundred years ago the men who really counted would have felt for him the same kind of contempt that he now feels for a competent footman. No doubt the more humane among them would have speculated patronizingly on the question whether he could not be helped to rise out of the mean status of scribe.

Democracy means essential equality of men, but there can be no equality of men except on the basis of equal dignity of function. Prate of equality as much as you must; you never do consider those your equals who must "rise" out of their status to yours. That every intelligent workingman knows. You say, "I was once a workingman myself; I feel my-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self one with the working class." Nobody takes your statement at its face value. Everybody knows that behind your words there lurks a smug complacency. "Even though I was born into the working class, see what I have become!" More than that: there is a hidden assumption that you never really belonged among the "lowly": that you had characteristics that distinguished you from the cradle for a higher place. That is just the sort of thing every self-respecting worker means to rid the world of. He means to reshape the conditions of life and industry so that nobody not a fool will ever talk about "rising" from the carpenter's bench to the constructor's roll-top desk, from the farm to the bank or the bar or the pulpit. He means to emancipate his job and make a respected career of it, just as the merchants and lawyers of two centuries ago emancipated their jobs.

The middle class won emancipation by forcing a society that lived by their services to give them a voice in the conduct of public affairs. As soon as the merchant and the lawyer got their hands on the budget, the aristocrats and generals found their privileges clipped. The working class will win emancipation by forcing society to give them a voice in the public affairs that now count most, industrial affairs. When conditions become such that we shall consult the United Building Trades rather than the associations of builders and contractors on the question of the shortage of houses, when we shall consult the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers about the shortage of steel, rather than Mr. Gary and Mr. Schwab, the manual trades will become careers out of which men do not need to "rise."

But this, you object, is to fly in the face of nature. The lawyer's trade, you argue, is inherently superior to the bricklayer's. Just so the early modern military officer would have argued the impossibility of equalizing the lawyer's status with that of the soldier. Was not the most incompetent, drunken general infinitely superior to even the shrewdest man of the law? Lawyers as a class, you urge, have a higher average of intellectual ability. Perhaps; we shall have more light on this point when we lay out as much effort on the general education of bricklayers as on that of lawyers. The lawyer's work sharpens the wits; the bricklayer's work is deadening. That may be true or it may not; anyway what most interests society is the mental energy a man has over for disinterested uses after the earning of his living, and the bricklayer may have as much surplus mental energy as the lawyer when we end the working day short of the point of stupefying fatigue.

It is not proposed to reduce all economic conditions to a dead level; it is not proposed to remove the natural incentives that draw men out of one career and into another. All that democracy requires is that the manual trades shall be vested with industrial responsibility and freed from the servile incidents of excessive fatigue and sweated wages, so that the young men of ability and pride and ambition who have a personal preference for them may elect them without feeling that they are committing themselves to a role of inferiority. That is essential to democracy. It is also essential to economic progress.

When business became a career that a man of ambition could espouse, it underwent an enormous expansion. The talents that had been wasted in an excessive competition for place in the narrow range of honorific occupations, such as the army and government service, were put to creative use. The British took the lead in establishing the business of the world on an efficient basis largely because the British were the first northern nation to make a self-respecting career out of business. What limits economic development today is not an undersupply of business efficiency so much as the unresponsiveness if not the positive discontent of labor. And it is vain to expect labor to respond to the requirements of an intensified production so long as industry is organized on a basis of master and man, with the master class draining away those elements in the working population who are most needed to leaven the mass, to endow it with a spirit of self-conscious creativeness.

We are wasting immensely valuable resources because our system does not enlist the full cooperation of the worker. The difference in efficiency between the man who is doing his best and the man who is doing well enough to hold his job is a measure of our immediate loss. But there is an ultimate loss that is far greater. That is the loss in inventiveness that results when men give their bodies to their work but not their whole minds. The industrial process is susceptible of infinite improvements in detail and the workers, if alert and intent upon the problem of industry, know just where these improvements are needed. They know collectively more about this than any manager, however well equipped for efficiency engineering. Most of them lack the ability to devise improvements although they may be conscious of the need. Practical inventive ability is rare. But nobody can question that there is potentially a vastly greater volume of inventive ability in the whole working class than in the small group of inventors, selected for training by extremely haphazard methods, who are almost the exclusive carriers of industrial progress today. What is requisite to the development of this incalculably valuable resource is the active interest of the workers and a pride of workmanship that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will not only direct their own thinking toward the problems of production but will enlist their support for public technical education. These can be had only on one condition, the thoroughgoing revision of the relations between employer and employee. The employee must be given a share in the responsibility for production if he is to give in return a freeman's initiative.

But what of the interest of capital, when the demands of labor have been satisfied? It is a noteworthy fact that throughout the course of recent economic history what appeared at first to be a working class demand proved in the end to be a democratic demand whose satisfaction advanced the interest of all society. When labor demanded higher wages the employers cried out that their profits were being sacrificed. It was a mistake. There have been exceptional instances of high profits based on starvation wages, but capital is on the whole most productive where wages are highest. Compare the present economic condition of America and Japan. Neither country suffered economically from the war; on the contrary their industries flourished under it. Both countries gained new markets but Japan more than America. Now that the peace trade of the world is about to be resumed there is no question whatever about America's competing power. There is a question about Japan's. In America all signs point to a boom. In Japan there is grave fear of depression. But of the industrial nations it is America that pays the highest wages, Japan the lowest. High wages pay. The employing class everywhere cries out when hours are reduced. But the general effect of reduction in hours has been to increase efficiency in greater ratio. Restrictions upon the exploitation of child and woman labor were undertaken in the interest of labor, but they have turned to the advantage of the whole of society. Labor has most to gain from a democratization of industry, but there is not the least reason for believing that capital will be the loser. On the contrary; more profits will be made in America when labor has won its proper place in the management of industry.

But if that were not the case, if it were clearly demonstrable that other classes would lose not only in power but in material gain, no one who is honestly democratic in his instincts would strive to retain the status quo. Look at the matter from the point of view of the coming generation; thus you may judge impartially, since your personal interests will have been extinguished. Does it please you to contemplate a future in which one boy or girl out of ten may "rise" to a condition of independence and dignity while the other nine must remain dependent for their living upon the hiring and firing process, with no interest in the work by which they live except such as can be included in the pay envelope? Or would you rather contemplate a future in which the range of jobs that have been emancipated from the status of wage slavery is coextensive with the field of industry? That is the issue, reduced to its essentials. There can be no doubt on which side you must eventually take your stand, if you are a democrat.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

No Self-Determination for Tyrol

SIR: A recent paper brings the test of a memorandum issued by President Wilson giving his views on the revision of the boundaries between Italy and what was Austria-Hungary. Let me quote the sixth paragraph.

"Personally I am quite willing that Italy should be accorded along the whole front of her northern frontier and wherever she comes in contact with Austrian territory all that was accorded her in the so-called pact of London, but I am of the clear opinion that the pact of London can no longer apply to the settlement of her eastern boundaries."

As I understand the pact of London this implies the cession to Italy of all South Tyrol including the whole Etsch and Eirack valleys north of their junction up to the watershed between the Adriatic and Black seas. It means the passing of about 180,000 Germans under Italian sovereignty, including the cities of Bozen and Meran, the ancient centres of German-Alpine culture, Brixen and Sterzing, of Schloss Tyrol which gives the whole country its name, and above all of the Parsier valley, the home of Andreas Hofer whose life and living memory are the spiritual incarnation of the whole country.

To this the President evidently agrees. It would be almost impertinent to draw your attention to the Schleswig analogy.

According to Dominion in Frontiers of Languages and Nationalities in Europe, if the line proposed by the Austrian government to Italy, prior to her entrance into the war were accepted, it would leave less than 25,000 Germans and Italians respectively on the wrong side of the frontier.

The relative merits of the Austrian proposal and the pact of London on ethnological grounds are obvious. An application of the principle of self-determination to the territory between both lines would supply the test. If you will take the trouble to look into the comparative merits of both frontiers on geographic and economic grounds you will find, I believe, that they are essentially equivalent. I would like to illustrate and demonstrate this at length, but it would require more energy than I at present can afford to spare.

It seems quite clear that but two "reasons" can account for this particular feature of the pact of London to which the President has fully and publicly given his assent, and these "reasons" are strategy and punishment. I shan't discuss the second, but will say a bit about the "strategic" frontier, which is really the sum total of the situation. 1. If the League of Nations is to be a reality, the last possible justification for purely strategic frontiers has disappeared. As I have tried to show, no consideration of geography, economics, and ethnology coincides with the "strategic" frontier. Rather to the contrary. 2. If, in spite of the League of Nations, a "strategic" frontier be still con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sidered necessary against a German speaking people, it will appear upon impartial and dispassionate comparison of both lines that there is no essential difference. Just review in your mind, if you please, the military history of the Austro-Italian front. You will notice that the maximum penetration secured by either side across the successive chains of mountains running from west to east has been insignificant in itself as well as in its effect upon the campaign as a whole. Through the annexation of the Trentino, Italy gains control over additional chains of mountains thus measurably increasing her safeguard. Insofar as aerial warfare is concerned the difference in distance is negligible. As to relative defensibility the Carinthian-Venetian frontier represents the most vulnerable section for Italy, especially now since her possessions have been extended eastward, for it is there that the Austrian border approaches most closely to the Italian plain, while the Pontafel-Pontebba gap is hardly as defensible as the Adige valley just south of the Neumarkt would be, with the Italians holding the crests of the mountains on either side of the valley if the ethnological frontier were followed. Yet with the "strategic" argument so much more applicable to the Carinthian border and all other considerations practically the same neither the Italian government nor President Wilson have so far stultified themselves by demanding and indorsing a border rectification. Lastly I may observe that a "strategic" border and a continental water-shed are not necessarily identical and, to my mind, clearly not in this case.

Just for the sake of comparison let us take the Italian claims along the east shore of the Adriatic and reduce them from the pact of London to the ethnological limits which, in a fashion, might seek cover under President Wilson's fourteen points. On the ground of population, Italy there has an arguable claim to Fiume, Zara, Spalato, a small portion of the islands of Veglia and Lussin, as well as a few more isolated racial islets along the coast. Geographically, economically and strategically, these claims are also untenable, yet ethnologically she can press her point which she cannot do in South Tyrol north of the line of the Austrian proposal.

Yet the President has ruled differently in these two related cases, even though in the preamble to his memorandum (vide second paragraph) he again states that he

"pointed out that it must now be left to the choice of the people of these several countries what their destinies and political relations should be."

HERMAN ROTH.

New York City.

Inexorable Facts?

SIR: Facts are inexorable, but you blink them, or fit them to your ready-made conclusions. Which is inspired by those reached by you in the Hanson-Seattle, Short-Sioux City recent events. Hanson opposed a mob of strikers with their own weapons—brickbats and bullets; Short permitted a meeting of workers who might have become strikers, but what is of real importance had not yet reached that status. Judged by Short's address to the assemblage, he would have adopted Hanson's tactics if his addressees had not heeded his advice to do what work they thought themselves called on to do in an orderly manner. Judged by Hanson's conduct there is no warrant for claiming that he would have refused permission of assemblage to a group seeking redress of fancied grievances through parley. But Hanson's group had become a mob in the strictest sense of that term, and if you were truthful with your readers you would admit that all important fact. And those who have seen strikers at work, as we have here in this city on frequent occasions, know that their tactics are mob tactics; if they weren't they couldn't prevail. They prevail then only because politics de-Hansonises most of the governmental functionaries with power to act.

This is not to claim that the capitalist employer or the government has all the virtues; but the cure you seem to recommend is a "damn sight" worse than the disease.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

ALFRED HOLMAN.

Lord Chesterfield Indicted

SIR: Supplementing Mr. Hard's seriocomic indictment of the Espionage act I would like to bring through your columns to renewed public attention the following from Francis Wharton's Treatise on Criminal Law, 11th edition by James M. Kerr, 1912, Vol. 1, pages 277 et seq.

"The question whether the solicitation (to commit crime) is by itself the subject of penal prosecution must be answered in the negative. For we would be forced to admit, if we hold that solicitations to criminality are generally indictable, that the propagandists, even in conversation, of agrarian or communistic theories are liable to criminal prosecutions; and hence the necessary freedom of speech and of the press would be greatly infringed. It would be hard, also, we must agree, if we maintain such general responsibility, to defend, in prosecutions for soliciting crime, the publishers of Byron's Don Juan, of Rousseau's Emile, or of Goethe's Elective Affinities. Lord Chesterfield, on the reasoning here contested, would be indictable for solicitation to adultery. Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son, directly advises the latter to form illicit connections with married women. To make bare solicitations or allurements indictable as attempts, not only unduly and perilously extends the scope of penal adjudication, but *forces on the courts psychological questions which they are incompetent to decide, and a branch of business which would make them despots of every intellect in the land. What human judge can determine that there is such a necessary connection between one man's advice and another man's actions, as to make the former the cause of the latter?* An attempt, as has been stated, is such intentional preliminary guilty act as will apparently result, in the usual course of natural events, in the commission of a deliberate crime. But *this can not be affirmed of advice given to another, which advice such other person is at full liberty to accept or reject.*"

Did the courts, including the Supreme Court, ponder upon this paragraph when they sustained convictions on charges of having attempted to discourage recruiting? For although Mr. Wharton, in somewhat laborious reasoning, endeavors to distinguish solicitations to treason from the logic of his argument, it can not be asserted that the things said by the defendants in nine-tenths of the cases tried amounted to treason, or even to sedition, if indeed such a thing as sedition exists in a free democracy. Our Constitution made an attempt to limit treason to its narrowest meaning, and wisely so, as the Fathers were still well aware of the manner in which the meaning of the word could be stretched. To substitute another word to cover the excluded meaning of the word treason is a wilful attack on the constitutional guarantees, a deliberate defiance of American freedom.

Killsboro, New Mexico.

EDWARD D. TITTMANN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

DID you ever visit a boys' school, fancifully and rather ineptly named, with a rather silly man for your guide? Did the name bother you at first, did the guide keep getting in your way? Did you come little by little to forget these annoyances in your interest in the place itself, seen at first as a collection of masters and boys pretty much alike, against a background of affectionate parents and pleasant homes; and seen later as individual boys who are by no means all alike after all?

Although I have never done these things I feel as if I had, for I have been reading a book written by Mr. E. B. Osborn and published by Mr. John Lane. It is called The New Elizabethans, a First Selection of the Lives of Young Men Who Have Fallen in the Great War. Of one of these young men, Charles Lister, Sir Rennell Rodd has said: "He was of the type which would have found its right environment in the large-horizoned Elizabethan days, and he would have been of the company of Sidney and Raleigh and the Gilberts, and boisterously welcomed at the Mermaid Tavern." It was this remark that instigated Mr. Osborn to name his book The New Elizabethans, a title which he remembers too often, and which, as often as he remembers it, tempts him to interrupt his narrative and discourse.

Yes, the first three words of Mr. Osborn's title keep getting in his way, although not so frequently as Mr. Osborn gets in his readers' way. Every few pages he appears in person, now to rebuke the English newspapers for their ignorance of the French language, now to say that "socialism, like measles, is best taken in youth," now to tell us that he has "known both major and minor poets here and in France somewhat intimately." He believes that English lawn tennis players are better losers than Australians and Canadians and that Canadians and Australians are better losers than Americans. He says things like this: "The plain truth is that Britons love their mothers as dearly as British mothers deserve to be loved; and if a certain exotic touch of passion, which is to be found in the Frenchman's more open and yet more sweet emotion, be lacking in this individual loving, let us remember that the difference—even if Michelet's strange suggestion be rejected—is perhaps in our favor." Remarks of this quality are—well, let's be polite and merely say that they are out of place in a book of short lives.

Unhappy Mr. Osborn! When your pen came to New York harbor did no guardian angel caution you against putting "in the middle distance the majestical statute of Liberty"? Did no faintest angelic whisper ever warn you not to talk about "that afterglow of all the yesterdays that is called historic truth"? Not to call Harvard "the Oxford of the Western world," or life "that rough fabric of strength and weakness interwoven," or Mr. Winston Churchill "that naughty Peter Pan of British politics"? Reading Mr. Osborn brings to mind a sentence from Sesame and Lilies: "The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book, never does any harm to a noble girl; but the emptiness of an author oppresses her, and his amiable folly degrades her." I have never been a noble girl, yet now I know what Ruskin meant.

Mr. Osborn, not content with being foolish and ubiquitous, has made in his choice of method a mistake which even he, one cannot help thinking, might have avoided. His failure to distinguish between the young men he knew and those he never saw gives his book the air of having been written by somebody who knew them all, an air of improbability. But although he has done his best to spoil this book, and although his best is much, it is not enough. He cannot ruin his book. The stuff it is made of is too good.

The book leaves many impressions. It leaves also a rather vague composite impression. One feels as if surrounded by an England of large country places, of affectionate mothers and fathers, of horses, dogs, moors, woods and leisure; by boys who go from public schools to Oxford or Cambridge, and who are good at games and the classics and leadership. One sees their masters and teachers, men who can pick and choose likely candidates for holy orders, who can pick and choose recruits likely to carry on the tradition of scholarly and gentlemanly Greek and Latin prose and verse, and who are competent critics of football, cricket and rowing. One gets an impression of secular natural process going on in England before the war—of athletes, scholars and leaders who exist to beget or to train other leaders and scholars and athletes—of all this taking place against a background of family affection and out-of-door life.

This composite impression is inexact. It ignores details and differences. These boys did not all belong to old or well-to-do families, nor are they all English. Several are Scotch. One is Irish. You find a New Zealander here, Anthony Wilding, Guy Drummond a Canadian, and even two Americans, Harry Butters and Alan Seeger. Nor is it true that all are steeped in the classics, although the Greek and the Roman world became very real to some of them and colored their musings. Here are naturalists, engineers, bank clerks, manufacturers, clergymen, colonists, poets, playwrights, actors, professional soldiers. They look at the war from the most different standpoints. It is a professional soldier, one who had entered the army before the war, Julian Greenfell, who writes Into Battle, the best war poem in this book, and one of the best of all the war poems I have read. It is another professional soldier, Colwyn Phillips, who writes from the trenches: "The first thing we learn here is to forget about 'Glory' . . . Another thing we learn is to avoid 'brave men.' The ass who 'does not mind bullets' walks about and only draws fire that knocks over better men than himself." One of Ivar Campbell's ambitions, before the war began, was to start a book-shop in Chelsea. He had seen enough of war before he was killed, at the age of twenty-five, to make him resolve "to remain a soldier for the rest of his life." Journalists, he thinks, miss that "note of naturalness which strikes him at the front."

The war took them all, took them away from their games and classical texts and English verse and solitary walks, and gave them, although each saw the war through his own eyes and judged it with his own mind, a common feeling that this war had to be fought out to the end. For each of them the end was death, the way to it was through hardship and danger. And the book leaves one with the old wonder—whether any purpose that calls for lesser sacrifices will ever be served with so complete an accord in action.

Mr. Osborn promises us a second volume, out of which I suppose it is too much to hope that he will keep his opinions on things in general. But perhaps he will get more help from his collaborators, whose contributions to this first volume have none of the peculiarities which litter Mr. Osborn's own. Best of all would be the news that he had handed the second volume over to some one else, who could tell the stories as they deserve to be told. P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Wells in the Pulpit

The Undying Fire, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

IN calling this book a "novel" Mr. Wells is cheerfully misleading. It is a sermon in the form of a novel, and its last aim in the world is the pure dramatization of character. Character is represented in the book, and with considerable vividness, but only as a means to an end. That end is the instruction of the reader after the model of the Book of Job.

What Mr. Wells has done with the Book of Job is not lacking in interest. He has pictured his righteous-man-sorely-afflicted as a man rich in social resources rather than in sheep and camels and oxen and she-asses. He calls him Job of Uz or Job Huss, and Job Huss is the middle-aged radical headmaster of an English private school. When the adversary strikes him he is successfully working out a broad experiment in education, and he has built up an institution of which he has reason to be proud. In a few weeks not only is popular discredit brought on his institution by a series of horrible accidents, not only is he himself prostrated by sudden illness in squalid summer lodgings, but the whimpering reproaches of his wife that follow the death of his boy in the Royal Air Corps lash his exasperated nerves. He turns sick eyes on the scene before him—broken ground, torn newspapers, vacant hoardings. The air he breathes is "heat-tormented air." He endures scalding pain. To what end? What is there in life for him? Why does he go on enduring? What keeps him from cussing his existence? This self-confrontation in a new and dreadful role, not invited and not rehearsed, is so imagined by Mr. Wells that for a moment one thinks him capable of tragedy.

And the initiation of Job Huss into pain is not the only vivid representation in The Undying Fire. Job takes a walk into the country in his debilitated mood, and this time he sees the vast unmitigated pain outside himself—in a dying rabbit, among the victims of a butcherbird, in the hot eyes of a mangled creature that he is forced to kill. The mystery of this universe of animal pain is only sharpened by his later experience of the human fate of a certain U-boat crew. Mr. Wells has seldom written with such intensity, with such comprehension and compassion, as in this extended narrative of the doomed submarine. Such art is often characterized as depressing. Its inexorableness is perhaps the purest element in The Undying Fire.

But it has an object. It is to interrogate this high-minded and high-spirited man, changed by accident and gnawing disease from a position of importance and security to a position of positive want and relentless suffering. What has he to live by? Now that his colleagues are ready to kick him when he is down, what can he say to defend his life-work against them? His trustees are Sir Eliphaz Burrows, Mr. Dad and Mr. Farr. Mr. Farr is a teacher in chemistry who wishes to supersede Huss, to step up on the back of Huss's misfortunes. He is a conventional schoolman whose attitude toward the trustees is correct. He has a large white face and a large white liver and one is not meant, or permitted, to like him. Sir Eliphaz and Mr. Dad are between them the perfect prosperous British "City" Philistine.

In dealing with them Mr. Wells is not acrimonious. He is patient, murderously accurate and occasionally slily humorous. "Mr. Dad, stirred by the word 'practical,' made a noise of assent. But not a very confident noise: a loan rather than a gift." Sir Eliphaz Burrows on Sir Oliver Lodge: "'Ever since she lost her younger sister early in life Lady Burrows has followed up this interest [in life after death] . . . Lady Burrows' sister is now practically bloodless. And her teeth—she had lost several, she suffered greatly with her teeth—her teeth have all been replaced—a beautiful set. Used now only for articulate speech.'" But Mr. Dad, Mr. Farr and Sir Eliphaz are chiefly Job's comforters, and even Dr. Elihu Barrack is not eminently individualized. All of them exist in order to feed the cosmic argument to Job.

That cosmic argument is of course the main subject of the book. Job is not merely Job, a midget in the planetary chess game. Job is mankind, mankind tried to the uttermost, mankind tested as to his own will. In Mr. Wells's audacious prologue God is a little like a shirt-sleeve United World president, and Satan resembles the most sophisticated product of continental diplomacy, the English liberal's idea of a Disraeli-Machiavellian devil. Satan chaffs the old man considerably until he is admonished, "You also are my instrument. Try Man to the uttermost. See if he is indeed no more than a little stir amidst the slime, a fuss in the mud that signifies nothing." Observe the deity's terminology. It has something in it of post-Darwinism, something of the London School of Science. And the answer to Satan is not unlike the answer that Mr. Wells made in Anticipations in 1902, before he discovered God.

"Manifestly," said Mr. Wells in 1902, "the essential being of man in this life is his will; he exists consciously only to do; his main interest in life is the choice between alternatives; and, since he moves through space and time to effects and consequences, a general purpose in space and time is the limit of his understanding. He can know God only under the semblance of a pervading purpose, of which his own individual freedom of will is a part, but he can understand that the purpose that exists in space and time is no more God than a voice calling out of impenetrable darkness is a man. To men of the kinetic type belief in God so manifest as purpose is irresistible, and, to all lucid minds, the being of God, save as that general atmosphere of imperfectly apprehended purpose in which our individual wills operate, is incomprehensible. To cling to any belief more detailed than this, to define and limit God in order to take hold of Him, to detach one's self and parts of the universe from God in some mysterious way in order to reduce life to a dramatic antagonism, is not faith, but infinity."

Mr. Wells's infirmity, his illucid acceptance of the dramatic antagonism," is the chief point of interest in The Undying Fire. Irrationality is in the pith of his new construction of the universe. The Undying Fire is not a great deal less agnostic than Anticipations. When Dr. Elihu Barrack challenges Job Huss on this point, when he says, "Why bring in God?" the answer is incurably lame. But the bias is now altogether in favor of "God."

"'Why bring in God? God is a word that has become associated with all sorts of black and cruel things. It sets one thinking of priesthoods, orthodoxies, persecutions. Why do you not call this upward and onward power Humanity? Why do you not call it the Spirit of Men? . . .

"'Because I have already shown you it is not humanity, it is not the spirit of men. Humanity, the spirit of men, made poison gas and the submarine; the spirit of man is jealous, aggressive and partisan. Humanity has greed and competition in grain, and the spirit of man is fear and hatred, secrecy and conspiracy, quite as much as, much more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than, it is making or order. But this spirit in me, this fire which I call God, was lit, I know not how, but as if it came from outside. I use the phrases that come ready to the mind. But I will meet you so far as to say that I know that I am metaphorical and inexact. . . I will not pretend to explain what I cannot explain. It may be that God is as yet only foreshadowed in life. You may reason, Doctor Barrack, that this fire in the heart that I call God, is as much the outcome of your Process as all the other things in life. I cannot argue against that. What I am telling you now is not what I believe so much as what I feel. To me it seems that the creative desire that burns in me is a thing different in its nature from the blind Process of matter, is a force running contrariwise to the power of confusion,' " and so on.

Here is old-fashioned good and evil, haltingly urged. But not other-worldliness. After Job Huss has admitted his undying fire, he puts it in a social boiler. The "light of God" is not identified with anything but social purpose. The light of God is the light of "everyone who has thought or worked or willed for the race."

By "willing for the race," then, Job Huss is redeemed. That "something not ourselves which makes for righteousness," once defined as "defective claptrap" by Mr. Wells, is now regarded as the inner light—and luckily for Mr. Wells it leads him exactly where he wants to go. Curiously enough, however, Mr. Wells has followed the Book of Job in every detail of its conventionalism. His own philosophy is perhaps at variance with the Bible's. In the Bible Job bows his will to God's majesty. Veneration for the works of God help toward his sublimation. In The Undying Fire Huss bends his will to remedy his misfortunes. He sees all misfortune as a measure of man's failure to find the way out. In this case social melioration and man's common social consciousness is the theme more seriously and earnestly expounded. But in both cases virtue is more than its own reward. There is no real tragedy. Job Senior becomes more of a landed proprietor than ever, and Job Junior finds that his cancer is a "benignant" growth, he inherits a small fortune from a distant cousin, he wins a victory over the Philistine trustees and he learns that, after all, his son is alive and sound.

This gratuitous happy ending takes the edge off Mr. Wells's sermon, yet it is eminently characteristic of his swift, facile, experimental, sensational, superficial mind. Of course it follows the example of the Book of Job, and in that sense it is explainable, but one can scarcely contend that it is any less a cliché on that account. The enigma of suffering is not, however, the emotional preoccupation of The Undying Fire. Suffering is faced and dramatized, but Mr. Wells's restless mind could never abide with oppressive necessities. It is quite evident that Mr. Wells is grandly preoccupied by the large schemes of education and socialization. He is incidentally by way of making a religion, or rather by way of harnessing existing religious impulse to the desire for social melioration. But what he has written, interesting as it is, is in its own way and for its own public, another kind of Raymond. We obviously need some new miracle-worker for our planetary infirmities. My specific, says Mr. Wells, is—not Tono-Bungay or the initiative and referendum. It is Undying Fire. And then he adds the amazing non-sequitur: this man Job Huss used my specific, and lo and behold his cancer vanished, his son came back to life, his wife stopped nagging him and his cousin died and left him some money.

F. H.

The American Indian

The American Indian, an Introduction to the Anthropology of the New World, by Clark Wissler. New York: Douglas C. McMurtrie.

THE American Indian is strangely unknown to us. He stalks romantically and a little absurdly through the pages of the Leatherstocking Tales and Hiawatha. If he appears at all in our more recent fiction and art, it is generally to gaze in a noble resignation at the setting sun, a self-conscious last man, or, with tom-tom, war-paint, and similar accessories, to whip up local color for youthful enthusiasm or for jaded appetites. Fleeting memories of a swastika purchased from a Navajo silversmith at the Albuquerque railroad station, a glimpse of an Indian basket-maker or two somewhere in California, a repellent image of a "Siwash" slouching in the streets of Seattle—of such fragments is compounded our frail notion of the Indian. Driblets of Indian music reach us, in half-disguise, at the concert hall, where they faint-heartedly aim to help build up a national school of music and where they are received with mild interest and a profounder scepticism. Some of us live near an Indian reservation and may claim to know the Indian. Even if such conquer the aloofness of frank dislike, they are not likely to get very far beyond a patronizing jocularity, a slap on the shoulder bred of friendly insolence and ignorance. To the vast remainder of us the Indian is unreal, anaemic.

In the midst of all this ignorance, apathy and futile sentimentalism, a steadily growing body of enthusiasts and students have, within the past few decades, been tending a vigorous plant, the detailed and patient study "in the field" of tribe after tribe and of one archæological site after another. They have made accessible the results of their minute and indefatigable researches in a vast number of monographs and special papers and have lodged their ethnographical collections in our museums. Already the literature on the American Indian is too vast for the mastery of even the closest students. The inquiring outsider, intelligently interested in fundamentals and generalities, finds this literature snugly, too snugly, tucked away in government reports, technical journals, and the publications of scientific institutions, and bristling with endless particularities. If he clutches at an isolated handbook or so, say Brinton's American Race, he is warned off by the insider with the assurance that the book is unreliable or antiquated and is told to plunge into the monographic literature. This he obviously cannot do. It is small wonder that the historian or sociologist, eager to absorb something of the spirit of modern anthropology, is so often compelled to put up with hasty and convenient generalizations long discarded by the anthropologists themselves, or, if he is more meticulous, with a dip into a selected portion of specialist literature that gives him a sense of first-hand contact but leaves him at sea as to perspective. It is not too much to say that there is hardly an anthropologist who does not in some degree suffer from this very lack of a proper perspective.

Dr. Wissler's handbook comes as a well documented, well illustrated and altogether authoritative answer to the demands of the general public that desires a trustworthy and humanly interesting introduction to a none too accessible subject; of the students of culture-history and social science that desire a compact presentation of the latest in anthropological fact and theory touching the New World; and of the anthropological public that has so long, so resignedly, yearned for an adequate synthesis of the whole

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject of American Indian anthropology. It is probably the latter classes that will have reason to be most completely satisfied. For the former one might have desired a more sedulous avoidance of anthropological terminology, possibly also a somewhat more picturesque treatment, stylistically and in selection of subject-matter. These shortcomings, if such they can be termed, are but the weaker ingredient of the book's outstanding merit, its finely-balanced commonsense, its sobriety of tone, its irreproachable honesty and scientific humility. Dr. Wissler refuses to make any concession to the journalistic spirit that has insidiously wormed its way into so much of our semi-popular scientific writing. Nor has he much patience with those many flashingly plausible theories that litter the path of the history of anthropology and that to so many constitute the very warp and woof of the science. This does not mean that he is safe, sane and conservatively inept. He does indulge in theoretical constructions where the perspective of his subject so warrants, but the evidence, slight or weighty, is invariably presented for what it is worth; the theory is never rammed down the reader's throat.

A word as to Dr. Wissler's method. He might have chosen to give us a purely descriptive account of a number of selected Indian cultures, attempting to set the various features of each of these typical cultures into their mutual relations; to give us, in short, some idea of the spirit and dynamics of aboriginal life in the New World. This interpretative or descriptive method has its obvious advantages, but it has its no less serious drawbacks. It would have led almost inevitably into exaggerated emphasis and subjectivism; above all, it would have made a proportionate treatment of the whole subject impossible within the limitations of reasonable space. There is room for a handbook conceived in this interpretative and necessarily selective spirit. It is not the spirit that has animated Dr. Wissler. The "classical" method of evolutionary psychology, the usual method of psychologists (like Wundt or Freud) or of sociologists (like Westermarck or Durkheim) when handling anthropological data, has been even more carefully avoided by the author, who, like most of the recent school of American anthropologists, is unsympathetic to the concept of a universal and typical cultural evolution into which it is possible to fit with some nicety the particular data of a given culture. Dr. Wissler's problem is conceived in a strictly historical, geographic-chronological, spirit. Here are a perplexingly large array of tribes in North and South America which it is possible to group into a number of geographically extended and well localized cultural, linguistic and physical units. To confine ourselves to the cultural units (the other two are treated more summarily by Dr. Wissler), what are the basic features of these "culture areas?" Where precisely has each of these features originated? How far has it spread within or outside of its proper area? What intercrossings of streams of influence have there been? What evidence as to time sequence (direct or inferential) can be produced for the first appearance of any cultural "element" or "complex" or for its later appearance in an area removed from its historical "centre" of distribution? What, if any, are the fundamental, historically primitive, features underlying all American Indian culture? What historical connections can be plausibly made out with Old World cultures and physical types? These are some of the questions that Dr. Wissler asks and answers, to the best of his ability. It is the concrete where and when that chiefly interest us in The American Indian. The what is necessarily stated, but when it leads to no significant geographical or chronological problem, it tends to be glossed over. The how of culture is, for the most part, treated by Dr. Wissler as lying outside the scope of his book.

Obviously, Dr. Wissler is primarily interested not in tribes as such or even in cultures as organisms, but in the determination of the various geographical centres from which significant influences have radiated and in the historical fate of the cultural features themselves. One can read the book and arrive at only the haziest notion of what the Blackfoot Indians are or were like, but he will have to be inattentive indeed if he is to escape a coherent understanding of the general distribution and centre of dispersion such selected features of the Blackfoot Indian's life as food habits, his type of house, his style of art or his ceremonial organization. Owing to the paucity of direct chronological evidence, the historical point of view in American culture resolves itself largely into a careful study of distributions and the inferential translation of these distributions into the terms of historical sequence (chronology is nearly always relative, rarely absolute). The reader is plunged in medias res with the first chapter, The Food Areas of the New World. The study and mapping of further distributions is pursued in succeeding chapters, which take up the domestication of animals, methods of transportation, the textile arts, pottery, decorative designs, architecture, stone and metal work, special inventions, the fine arts, social grouping and regulation, ritual, and mythology. We are then given the definition and a rapid characterization of the large culture areas of America on the basis of both ethnological and archæological evidence. Some attempt, inevitably imperfect in our present state of knowledge, is then made to discuss the cultural evidence chronologically. The following two chapters treat of the linguistic and physical classification of the American Indian; of these, the former is much the least competent in the book, the latter, on the other hand, affords a satisfactory insight into a highly technical branch of American anthropology. The last chapters take up certain more general and theoretical problems; the possible correlation of cultural, linguistic and physical classifications in America; the theoretical groundwork of the author's method; and hypotheses as to New World origins. These are likely to prove the most immediately interesting in the book for students of the social sciences, but they need to be read in the light of the concrete data that precede. Useful for purposes of reference are an appended list of linguistic stocks and tribes and a selected bibliography.

Two major impressions remain with the reader. In the first place, the essential unity and independence of American Indian race and culture are borne in upon one again. That the American Indian is an offshoot of an older Mongolian-American racial prototype is certain, but it seems no less certain that he diverged at a quite remote period, underwent a specialized and fairly homogeneous development, and worked out his distinctive cultures in the New World in relative isolation from outside influences. The culture that he carried with him from Asia must have been primitive in the extreme; comparatively few of the historical Indian cultural elements can be safely assumed to go back to a proto-American period. It is clear that certain Asiatic influences continued to ray out, up to the present, across Bering Straits, but it does not seem that these influences materially assisted in the growth of the higher attainments of aboriginal American culture. Many of these, such as pottery, agriculture, masonry, work in metals, the calendar, ideographic writing and political administration, parallel Old World achievements but owe nothing,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so far as we can read the evidence, to Old World stimulus. The second impression that is conveyed is of the futility of clinging to the skirts of a generalized theory of cultural evolution. Culture-history has many surprises perhaps nowhere so many as in aboriginal America. Who, on general principles, would have imagined it historically plausible that a people capable of refined astronomic observation, of massive stone architecture, and of the mathematical conception and notation of zero, only twice evolved in the history of the world, had yet never hit upon or borrowed the simple mechanical device of the wheel, so conspicuously absent in aboriginal America? Analogous instances might be given almost without end. It will prove to be not the least of the merits of Dr. Wissler's American Indian that it gives pause to our ever-ready schematizers of stages of cultural evolution, that it tends to instill a wholesome respect for the importance in the history of man of unique historical developments and cultural conceptions.

EDWARD SAPIR.

The Allies in China

Peking Dust, by Ellen N. La Motte. New York: The Century Co.

THESE letters of Ellen La Motte from China are sifted full of the fine, flying ubiquitous dusty gossip of Peking, rumors from the legations, rumors from the cities of Manchus and Chinese, fulminations from foreign governments, international scandal from the four quarters of the earth. They are briefly and swiftly written, and they embody the natural reaction of a casual disinterested observer to the workings of the inter-Allied plunderbund in China. The governments of Europe have usually managed to put a moral face on what they have done in the far east, at any rate for the edification of citizens at home, but in Peking motives come into the open, and brigandage on a colossal scale is as apparent as a hold-up on Fifth Avenue.

The solid information given in Peking Dust is mostly first-hand, and, though meagre and journalistically treated, is certainly uncensored. We have heard a good deal from official sources and from the press about the imperialistic ambitions of Japan in China, but little or nothing in regard to the bullying demands and claims of the nations that fought with us in the war against Germany. It may be that Germany's distrust of Allied protestations of noble aims was founded to some extent on a knowledge of carefully veiled conditions in provinces other than Shantung. England, according to Miss La Motte, holds as concessions in Tibet, Szechuen, Kwantung, and sections of the Yangtse valley 27.8 per cent of all China. Before the war the holdings of others powers amounted to 3.4 per cent for France, 1.37 per cent for Germany, 4.3 per cent for Japan, and 42.3 per cent for Russia. The total area under foreign influence came to 79 per cent. It would be difficult to ascertain whether Russia still holds or wishes to hold any of her former concessions. Japan has taken over Shantung, increasing her area to 5.6 per cent.

The others have not merely held on. Two years after the beginning of the war with Germany, while all eyes were turned toward Belgium, France coolly occupied three hundred and thirty-three acres in the heart of the city of Tientsin. "The attack, or charge, or party of occupation, whatever you choose to call it, was led in person by the French chargé d'affaires, at the head of a band of French soldiers. They seized and arrested all the Chinese soldiers on duty in the district, put them in prison, and in the name of the Republic of France annexed three hundred and thirty-three acres of Chinese soil to the overseas dominion of the great republic!" Peking and Tientsin were in uproar, the papers printed nothing but protests, every Chinese servant quit the seized quarter, a run was started on the French bank that came near ruining it, a boycott of French goods was declared. Then the French government threatened an indemnity for all loss to mercantile houses, the press was muzzled by foreign interference, the matter sank in public discussion from an outrage to an affair, from an affair to an incident, and France had her way in Tientsin. The excuse for the act was that France had asked for the district as long ago as 1902 and several times afterward. The strike of the servants brought on a new and humiliating vassalage. The French consul-general published an ordinance to the effect that "every Chinese employed in the French concession is obliged to have a little book containing his name, age, place of birth, and so on, together with his photograph and finger-prints."

To the list of English injustices must be added the opium intrigue of 1917 and the twelve demands by means of which she frightened China into entering the war. The cynical attitude of Japan toward Chinese autonomy is too well known to require comment. The United States has been at least superficially fair, and her reward is to be less hated than any other of the great Powers. For China has seen herself eaten alive by capitalistic nations, and has learned that every proposal from them, however straightforward in seeming, carries with it some insidious leverage for exploitation. As such a lever she will view the conditions that accompany the loan of the Allied consortium, and she will be right. A way will be found as of old to make her pay dearly for her railroads.

M. A.

The Making of Novels

The Bounder, A Vulgar Tale, by Arthur Hodges. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

LIFE as The Bounder presents it is life in New York as you may see it night or day in the streets and restaurants near Forty-second and Sixth Avenue, or as you may live it if you are foot-loose and have a taste for a good time, cocktails, good clothes, and the inconsequent company of boarding house peers. It is honestly realistic—even to the point of portraying existence as a decidedly more ethical affair than has come to be expected of any writer who touches the hem of Broadway.

There is a paragraph at the end of an early chapter which indicates more accurately than any other that might be quoted Mr. Hodges's limitations as an author. In fairness it should be said that there is no other paragraph of equal badness in the book: "From the foregoing pages, it may, perhaps, be assumed that Fred Filbert is to be the hero of this story, but that is not—necessarily—a fact. We shall give him his chance to be. To himself, no doubt, he is. Each man is the pivot of his own history, but in the metropolis where he will presently find himself, he will meet other heroes—and heroines—with whom conclusions must be tried, with whom he must struggle; knife-edge to knife-edge; blow for blow. If he has the wit, the luck, the flair, the talent, by which to hold his own, he may prove himself this tale's true protagonist. If not he must give way to others more fortunate or more worthy."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Declarations of Independence

America 1776

"We hold these truths to be self evident that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights . . . That to secure these Rights Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Ireland 1916

"We declare in the words of the Irish Republican Proclamation the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and the unfettered control of Irish destinies to be indefeasible."

President Wilson

recognizing this right of self determination as inherent in all peoples, said in his speech before Congress on April 2, 1917: "We shall fight . . . for democracy . . . for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

ACTING in conformity with this principle of Self Determination, the Irish people proclaimed the Irish Republic in 1916, and in 1918 with an unparalleled political unanimity declared for Independence and for a Republican form of Government,—a Republic modeled after the United States of America and guaranteeing religious and political equality to all the people of Ireland.

Three delegates from America, Hon. Frank P. Walsh, former Joint Chairman of the United States War Labor Board; Hon. Edward F. Dunne, former Governor of Illinois; and Hon. Michael J. Ryan, former Public Service Commissioner of Pennsylvania, have gone to Paris to obtain from the Peace Conference a hearing for the representatives of the Irish Republic.

To present Ireland's cause truthfully to American public opinion, to promote and advance the recognition of the Irish Republic, to safeguard American interests, institutions and ideals,—a Victory Fund pledged at the Convention of the Irish Race in Philadelphia is being raised throughout the United States.

New York is now called upon to do its part.

Succeeding announcements will lay before the American people the facts which prove the justice of Ireland's cause, and the necessity of thus safeguarding America.

America's pledge is $2,000,000. Give during Ireland's Victory Campaign. Collectors all carry official cards.

The contribution of every sympathizer with the purposes of the fund is urgently solicited and should be sent to William J. Spain, Treasurer, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Friends of Irish Freedom and Associated Societies

NEW YORK CITY

COUPON

WM. J. SPAIN, Treasurer,
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is $..... as my contribution to Irish Victory Fund.

Name .....

Address .....

(New Republic 6-7)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shooting the Rapids
An Enchanting Journey from
NIAGARA to the SEA
IN this unique all-water pleasure trip every hour has its revelation of beauty, grandeur and historic interest. All the charms of old-world travel haunts are to be found in this "Niagara to the Sea" journey.
The trip includes almost 1000 miles of lakes, rivers and rapids, including the Thousand Islands, the exciting descent of the marvellous rapids, the historic associations of Montreal, Quaint old Quebec, with its famous miracle-working shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and the renowned Saguenay River, with its stupendous Capes, "Trinity" and "Eternity," higher than Gibraltar.
A thousand miles of travel—
A thousand thrills of pleasure
Up-to-date Canada Steamship Hotels at Murray Bay and Tadousac, Quebec. Golf links and a salt-water swimming pool at Murray Bay.
Send 2c. postage for illustrated booklet, map and guide, to John F. Pierce, Assistant Traffic Manager, Canada Steamship Lines, 175 C. S. L. Bldg., Montreal, Canada.
CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES
ON THE SAGUENAY
C.S.L. HOTEL TADOUSAC
Long Sault Rapids
MONTREAL
PRESCOTT
BROCKVILLE
KINGSTON
TORONTO
LAKE ONTARIO
ALEXANDRIA BAY
CLAYTON
Coteau Rapids
HAMILTON
ROCHESTER
NIAGARA FALLS
BUFFALO
PASSING QUEBEC

WANTED—Apartment in New York City containing living room or studio dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms with bath and maid's room.

Also in same building Apartment containing living room or studio bedroom, with bath.

Location preferably out of the usual beaten paths, something not usually rented, if possible, and preferably in a private house altered for such purpose. Nothing South of Greenwich Village need be submitted, nor North of Seventy-second Street.

Address Charles H. Davis, 1822 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Brentano's
NEW YORK
5th Ave at 27th St.
Booksellers to the World
All Books
All Languages

Debate on

RUSSIA AND BOLSHEVISM

Affirmative—Upton Sinclair—Startling remarks in favor of the Bolsheviks.

Negative—Jerome Davis—Latest facts from Russia to Jan. 1919, including chart showing construction of Soviet Government and some real dangers of Bolshevism.

In the June

ARBITRATOR

Send ten cents for a copy. Address P. O. Box 42, Wall St. Station, New York City.

The Arbitrator is a magazine to interpret the new religion of Truth, Justice and Humanity.

Both sides of current questions are presented by experts.

$1.00 a year; 25 cents for three months.

New annual subscribers may have Upton Sinclair's "Profits of Religion" ($1.00 in cloth; 50 cents in paper) for half price.

Books Which Deal With the New Realities

AFTER THE WHIRLWIND

Charles Edward Russell

Author of "Why I Am a Socialist," etc.

"Mr. Russell's book is interesting because of his views of labor's attitude toward the great world problems of today, and it is notable for the clear-visioned review of the causes leading up to the great war, for the scathing denunciation of German Imperialism—he glories in the crushing of Germany as a sincere well-wisher of the German proletariat. Mr. Russell does not despair of Russia—he was a member of the commission that went there after the Revolution."—Baltimore *Sun*. **Net, $1.50**

SIX RED MONTHS IN RUSSIA

Louise Bryant

She lived in Revolutionary Russia as one of the people; she knew Kerensky, Lenine, Trotsky, and the women of the Battalion of Death; she attended the inner councils of the Soviet, and hers is a vivid and sympathetic presentation of Russia.

"Miss Bryant has boundless faith in the Revolution. She presents its case clearly and dramatically."—*The Dial*. **Net, $2.00**

AMERICAN LABOR AND THE WAR

Samuel Gompers

President of the American Federation of Labor

"This exposition is of the nature of a gospel of labor in its bearing upon social and economic readjustment." — Washington *Star*.

The book contains Mr. Gompers' important war speeches and Labor's official war record, including all the vital war measures and resolutions of the Federation. **Net, $1.75**

CIVILIZATION; TALES OF THE ORIENT

Ellen N. La Motte

"She looks beneath the outer appearance of things political and social in the East and writes of inner motives and meanings in a frank fashion likely to make politicians in several so-called civilized countries feel uncomfortable."—The *Sun*. **Net, $1.50**

BANNERS

Babette Deutsch

"Here is the spirit of challenge and revolt, calling old standards and traditions into question—proceeding fearlessly in the new fields of thought and emotion. This spirit is nowhere better shown than in 'Banners,' the title poem written in celebration of the Russian Revolution."—New York *Tribune*. **Net, $1.25**

OUT OF THE SHADOW

Rose Cohen

Of this book which throws such an unsparing light on Ghetto, sweatshop life and child labor, Lillian Wald writes: "It will be accepted as a social document transcending in value the volumes of the academically trained searchers for data on these conditions." **Net, $2.00**

THE FIELD OF THE FATHERLESS

Jean Roy

"A source book of poverty," is what the Chicago *Tribune* calls this self-revelation of a servant girl. It is the tale of her wanderings, her experiences as laundress, as a sweatshop worker and as a servant given just as she wrote it without editing. A human document of surprising realism. **Net, $1.75**

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY
244 Madison Ave., New York

Please send me books checked above in quantities indicated.

Name_____

Address_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With Thackeray this thing was an art, with Mr. Hodges it is at best a lack of tact. Intended, no doubt, to be disarming, it merely sets the teeth on edge.

Intentionally or by accident Fred Filbert does become the central figure, the personality that holds the book together in a driving sea of characters, and the bounder of the title. A bounder, in Mr. Hodges's conception, is a man too ruthlessly greedy to be kind, and too slow of wit to disguise himself in good manners. We get at him not by analysis but by revealing incident. Filbert achieves New York and the staff of a daily by being unscrupulous. He wins the friendship of Dora St. David by being personable, and with her aid writes two completely bad and just as completely successful novels. Money and reputation come to him easily. His natural arrogance flowers, and, finding that Miss St. David is to be won only in legitimate fashion, he breaks with her and her bohemian set, to move on higher society levels and to intrigue in his clumsy way with the wife of a publisher. But he finds himself unable to write another novel unassisted. When he comes back to Dora for help she is not to be had, and we leave him helplessly contemplating the "upper portion of a sheet of plain white paper, standing up from the cylinder of his typewriting machine," the first page of the novel he could not write alone.

Aside from the story of Fred and Dora The Bounder is a study of the production and publication of novels on Manhattan. The business methods of Richmond Sons and Richmond, publishers, and the private life of the Richmonds, are put before us in two or three excellent scenes. There are no less than five authors in the Kilkenny, the rooming house which makes a centre for events. We may gather something of Arthur Hodges's disillusion concerning popularity from the facts that the greatest success has been attained by the young and beautiful Vera Wildwood with a sentimental novel entitled Pansy, that Fred Filbert has done nearly as well by writing as cheaply as he thinks, and that Peter Watergate, possessed of more brains and conscience, makes a comparative failure. In the publishing house it is Ted Richmond, with a minimum of intellectual content and a strong, mercenary instinct, who comes to the top.

There is no gray pall over The Bounder. Literary tradition has had no influence on its style; its happenings are unconstrained by reminiscences of Galsworthy and James. Mr. Hodges is not at home in his prose medium, but he seldom allows that to embarrass him. He is content to write what he wishes to convey in whatever comes first to hand, be it good journalese, everyday idiom, or slang. He is at his best in reporting conversation; the book is rich in easy and faithful dialogue. It is rich too in character and drama, as the dances at the Kilkenny and the family quarrels of the Richmonds are enough alone to prove. Its faults are many and superficial; its virtues are few and in the grain.

M. A.

Contributors

to this issue

LYTTON STRACHEY, nephew of the editor of the London Spectator and author of Eminent Victorians.

What Do You Do Now?

Do you know the *right* way to brush those first teeth? How to ventilate the nursery, and what are the first symptoms of mumps? There is no mother so wise but will get something valuable from the Infant Hygiene Department in The Delineator. It is in charge of a baby specialist, who will be glad to answer any of your questions.

The Delineator
The Magazine In One Million Homes

Whatever book you want

Wanamaker's

has it, or will get it.

We buy old, rare books, and sets of books

NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST, 10c. a copy; dollar a year. 622 Audubon Building, New Orleans, La.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIFTY VOLUNTEERS WANTED

to enlist as candidates for the

CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

in a campaign for a Reconstructed Church and Nation in the spirit which won the victory at Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel. Such volunteers are needed at once in the liberal pulpits of America, and may be trained for efficient service at the

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

Meadville, Pa.

Autumn Quarter begins Sept. 24. Summer Quarter (at Chicago) begins June 16. Summer sessions at the expense of the School at the University of Chicago. Liberal scholarship aid. Traveling fellowships providing for further study at foreign universities available at graduation.

Apply to

Rev. F. C. Southworth, D.D., LL.D.
President

The BALDWIN SCHOOL

A Country School for Girls

BRYN MAWR, PENNA.

Preparation for Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Smith, Vassar and Wellesley colleges. Also strong general course. Within 25 years 266 students have entered Bryn Mawr College. Fireproof stone building. Abundant outdoor life and athletics.

Elizabeth Forrest Johnson, A.B., Head of the School

HILLSIDE

A School for Girls

Norwalk, Connecticut

45 miles from New York. Preparation for comprehensive college examinations. Cultural Courses. Household Science, including actual practice in a real home. Homestead and Lodge. Schoolhouse and Gymnasium. Study of the individual girl. Organized Athletics.

Margaret R. Brendlinger, A. B., Vassar

Vida Hunt Francis, B. L., Smith, Principals.

Miss Howe and Miss Marot's School

A country boarding school for girls. College preparation, advanced academic and vocational courses. Horseback riding, field games and winter sports. Separate cottage for Junior department.

Send for Booklet

MARY LOUISE MAROT, Principal
Thompson, Conn.

The Cambridge School of DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE and LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE FOR WOMEN

The Brattle Building Harvard Square
Cambridge, Massachusetts

MARY C. WHEELER SCHOOL

A town school offering country life and sports. College preparatory courses. Music, Art, Dancing, Home Economics, Gardening, and Secretarial Work. University lectures, advanced course for graduate students. Country residence for young girls.

Providence, Rhode Island

MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge, 48 Quincy Street.

New-Church Theological School

Est. 1866. Three years' course. College preparation desired. The curriculum includes systematic study of the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg and spiritual interpretation of the Scriptures Correspondecne courses. Catalog.

WILLIAM L. WORCESTER, President.

STARTLING FACTS

which newspapers and magazines have suppressed, are revealed in THE PANSY PAMPHLETS. Thousands are being sold under guarantee of Money Back unless the reader agrees that INFORMATION given is worth the price. Read especially these five:

"THE SUBSIDIZED PRESS"

A history of newspaper corruption in America. Practical experiences that taught editors what to and what not to print; what to **emphasize**; what to "soft pedal." How advertisers, banks and the trusts control editors. Can an honest newspaper exist? Part newspapers play in high cost of living. How journalists are **trained.** All told in 46 pages of plain, simple narrative.

"TRUTH ABOUT THE FOOD TRUST"

A concise statement of astounding things revealed by the Government's investigation of the packing industry. "A challenge to American intelligence."

"DANGER of AUTOCRACY from WITHIN"

This pamphlet proves by extracts from an official U. S. Government Report that one man controls **one-sixth** of all American wealth and industries. How this man has power to manipulate a "panic"; force prices of stocks, bonds, etc., **away down,** and then buy **cheaply** twice as many railroads, steel mills, mines, factories, etc., as he owned before. By the same "panic" he can **keep down wages** of millions of employees. How soon will this man control half the jobs **and half the votes** in America?

"THE RED SPECTER"

Shows the real influence of Bolshevism, the fear of which has impelled capitalists to put unemployed to work, and has saved us from panic already since the war. Proved by reactionary editors' own words.

"COMING—THE SIX-HOUR DAY"

Quotations from big production engineers show that if America will continue during peace times **for the good of the people** the same methods which were started during 1918 **in order to win the war,** our workers can produce ABUNDANCE FOR ALL in far less than six hours work per day. Short hours and high wages the only thing which can prevent over-production, unemployment, panics and the whole train of evils which lead to Bolshevism as surely as day follows night. Babson's letter of warning to capitalists.

These pamphlets give a hint of what it should mean to live in the Twentieth Century. Price 50c. each—and if you do not agree that information revealed AND PROVED is worth it, your money will be refunded upon request. Send orders to the publisher:

JACK PANSY
NR-422 Selden Ave. Detroit, Mich.

ALEXANDER M. BROWN, Inc.

5 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK

Old, Scarce and Choice Books Bought and Sold.

Catalogue 24 just issued

CAMP INFORMATION FREE

Expert advice free on all schools and camps of the United States for boys or girls.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS' ASSOCIATION
Times Building
NEW YORK

Scudder Middleton's New Poems

THE NEW DAY

By the author of
"Streets and Faces"

Here are poems that convey the spirit of the new day that is dawning over the world. In addition to realistic poems of the present hour, there are many purely imaginative lyrics whose beauty and freedom recall Mr. Middleton's earlier volumes, "Streets and Faces," which was considered by the *N. Y. Post* to be one of the four most interesting books of poetry published in America during 1917.

At all bookstores, $1.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
Publishers
NEW YORK

Your Opportunity to Help

The Boyhood of America

Nation-Wide Campaign for 1,000,000 Associate Members

BOY SCOUT WEEK

June 8th to 14th

By

Proclamation of the President of the United States

Support This Campaign Through Your Local Committee

Dodson Wren House
4 compartments, 28 in. high, 12 in. in diameter.

Price $5

Dodson Bird Houses

Inviting Summer Homes for Our Native Birds

They are scientifically built by a bird-lover, who lives in a bird sanctuary, and has devoted years of study to the song birds and their habits.

Mr. Dodson's close observation and nature study have taught him the small details which not only attract the birds to homes he builds, but invite them to return season after season. These bird houses are not only an added attraction in themselves but are an assurance of an artistic and cheery environment.

Order Now Let the houses lose their newness by weathering, blending into the natural surroundings. Free bird book sent on request, illustrating Dodson line and giving prices; also beautiful bird picture free.

Joseph H. Dodson *Pres. American Audubon Association* **771 Harrison Ave., Kankakee, Ill.**

Dodson Sparrow Trap guaranteed to rid your community of these quarrelsome pests. Price $7.00. 19

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED